

ADVENTURES INTO THE

# UNKNOWN

NOW, VALMOND  
... **NOW!** THROW  
THAT SWITCH... **WHILE**  
**THERE'S STILL**  
**TIME...**

*Within* THAT MYSTERIOUS  
CABINET WAS... **WHAT?**  
FOR A TENSE, GRIPPING STORY  
... FOR A CLIMAX YOU'LL  
REMEMBER FOREVER...  
DON'T MISS

**"NOTHING** *but the*  
**TRUTH!"**

I... CAN'T DO IT!  
WITHIN THAT CABINET  
LIES THE FUTURE OF THE  
WORLD... **AND I CAN'T**  
**CHANGE IT!**





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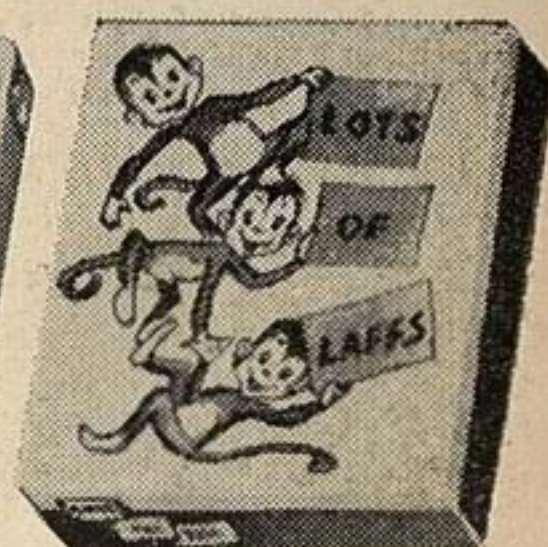
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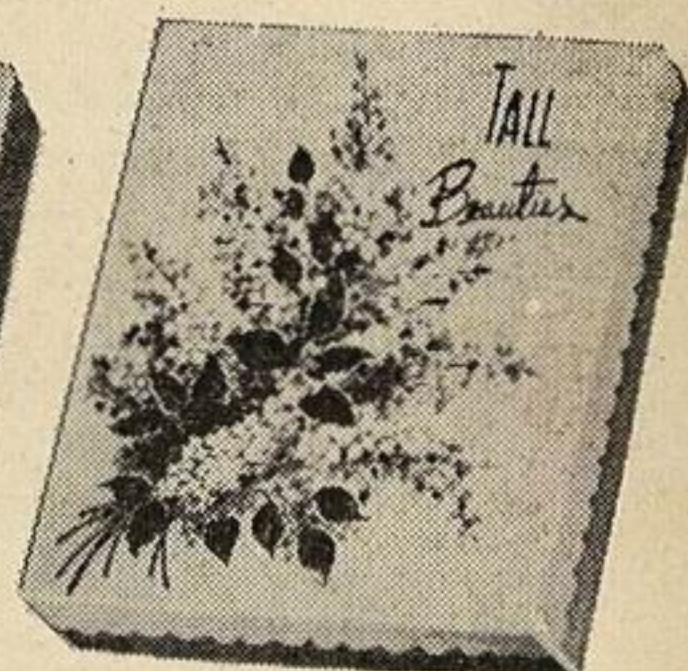
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—including original cut-outs,  
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and 36" novelty card



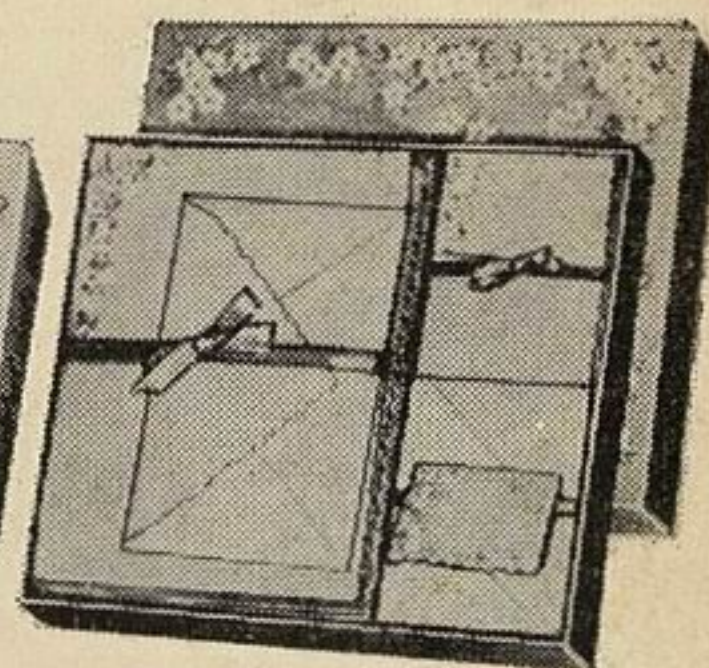
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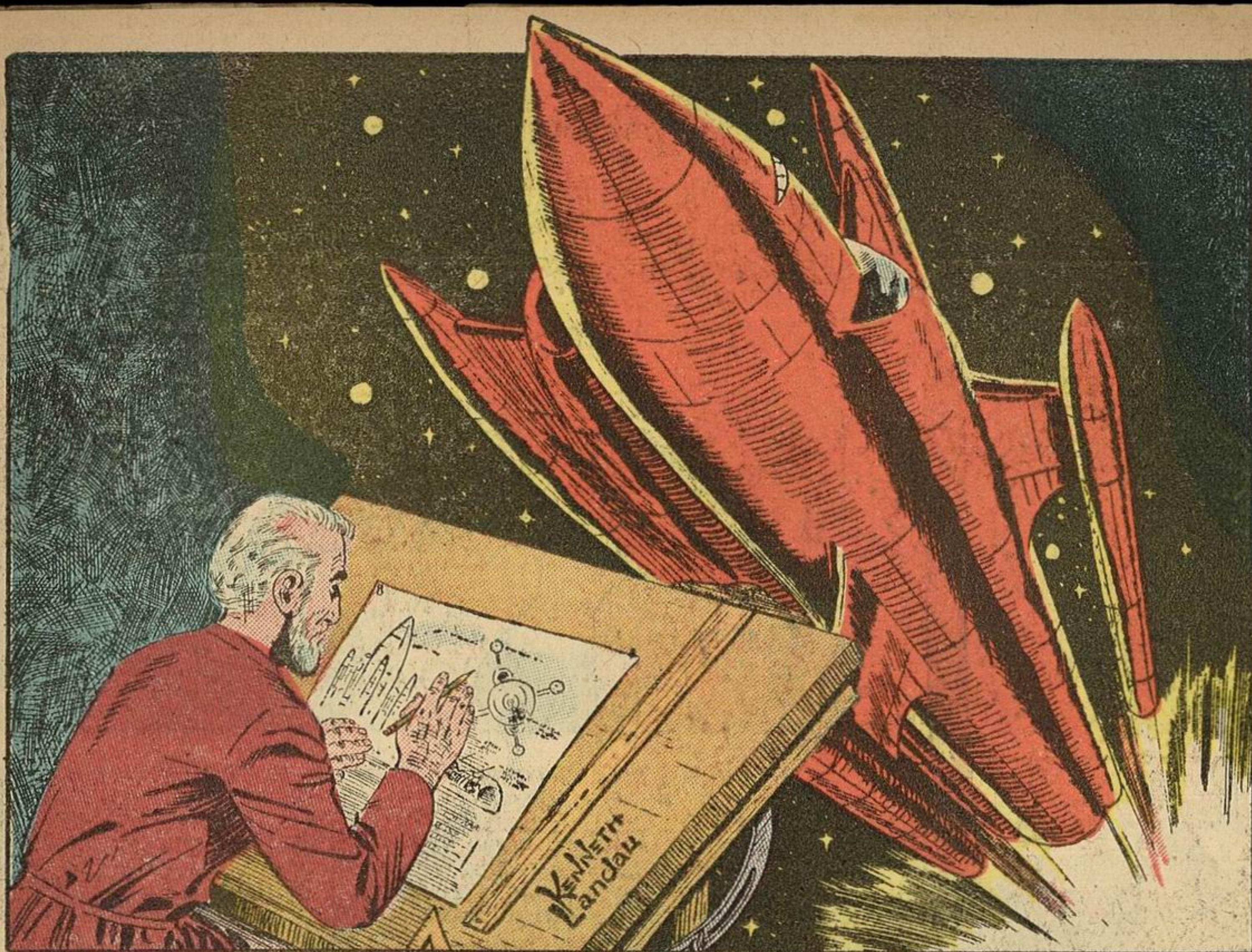
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This is the strange, gripping story of **CLARKE P. HENDERSON**, who had dreamed a dream of greatness...and had envisioned his name as someday rivalling Einstein's in the annals of science! But failure crowned his every effort to achieve immortality...until the incredible event that emblazoned him forever far above all others...and brought to the world the startling realization that...

# There's A NEW STAR TONIGHT!

THEY'D EXPECTED WONDERFUL THINGS FROM HIM...EVEN AS FAR BACK AS THE EARLY DAY WHEN HIS FOND PARENTS BOUGHT HIM THAT FIRST PRIMITIVE CHEMISTRY SET...

LOOK AT HIS ABSORPTION...AND THAT SURE HAND! MARK MY WORDS, CLARA...HE'LL BE A GREAT SCIENTIST SOME DAY!



THROUGHOUT HIS SCHOOL DAYS, PROUD TEACHERS ECHOED THESE WORDS! AT HIS COLLEGE GRADUATION...

...AND FOR AMAZING ACHIEVEMENTS IN THE FIELD OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE THAT FORETELL A GREAT FUTURE, I AM HAPPY TO AWARD THIS SPECIAL MEDAL TO **CLARKE P. HENDERSON!**



OH, HE WAS GOING TO SET THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD ON FIRE, ALL RIGHT...THERE WASN'T ANY DOUBT OF THAT! AND HE WASN'T GOING TO JEOPARDIZE HIS CAREER BY ACCEPTING JUST ANY JOB...

I MIGHT CONSIDER THE POST OF RESEARCH SCIENTIST! BUT MY RECORD AND POTENTIALITIES WOULD ENTITLE ME TO MY OWN LABORATORY...AND A FULL

CORPS OF ASSISTANTS!

JUST A SECOND, MR. HENDERSON!





YOU WON'T NEED TO DO US ANY FAVORS! YOU COLLEGE HOT-SHOTS COME A DIME A DOZEN...UNTIL YOU PROVE YOURSELVES! IF YOU WANT A JOB AS A LAB ASSISTANT, WE MIGHT CONSIDER YOU...OTHERWISE, PLEASE STOP WASTING MY TIME!



HE COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT SUCH A THING WAS HAPPENING TO HIM...BUT IT WAS! SOMEHOW...THE WORLD **WASN'T** AWAITING HIM WITH OPEN ARMS!

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN SCHOOL GRADES! WHAT **EXPERIENCE** HAVE YOU HAD?

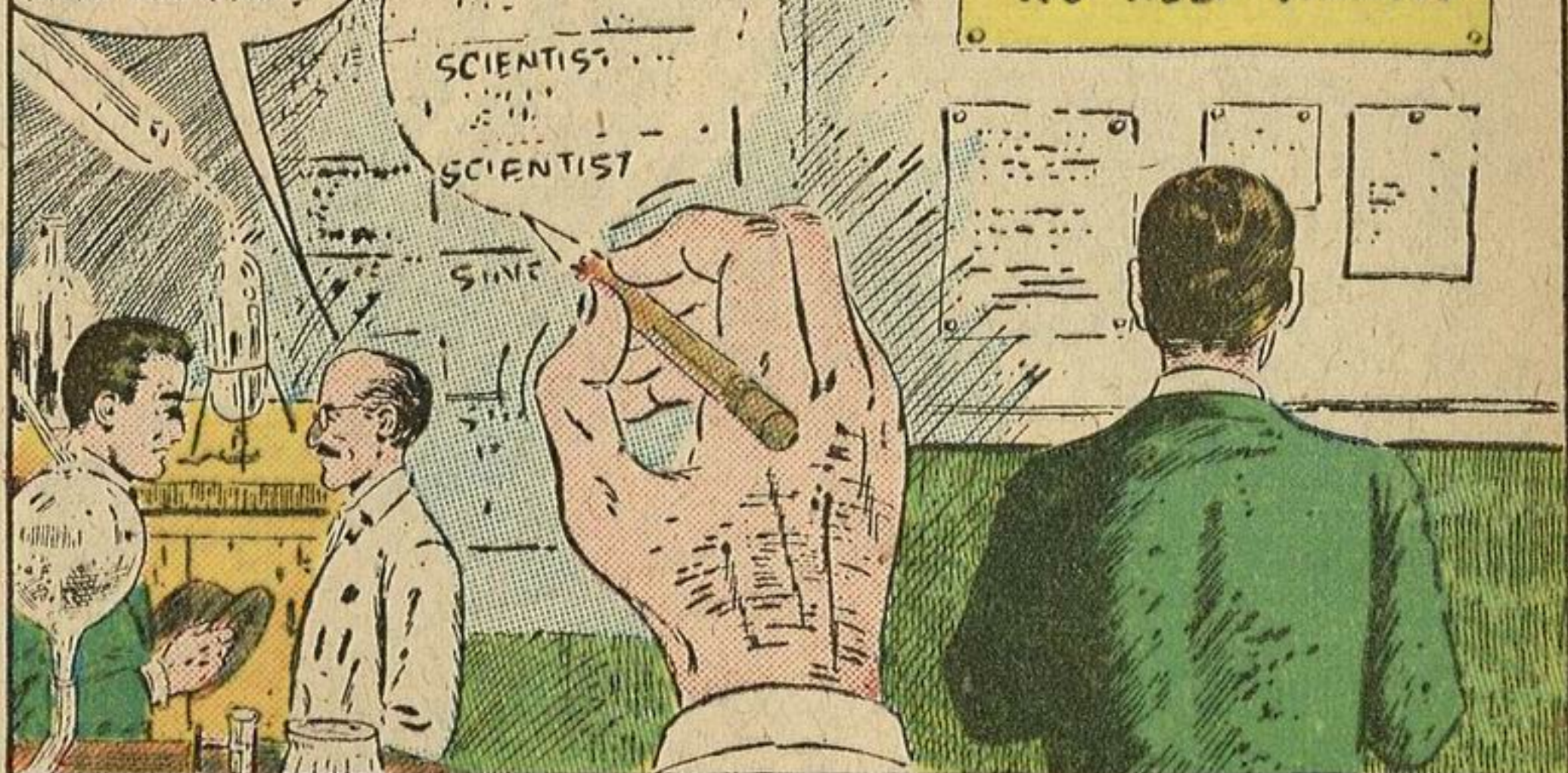
SALES MAN

SCIENTIST WANTS

SCIENTIST...

SCIENTIST

SINE



**ESMOND LABORATORIES**

**NO HELP WANTED**

AND SO, INSTEAD OF THE TRIUMPHS OF WHICH HE HAD DREAMED...



...THERE WAS THE AGONY OF BITTER DEFEAT... THE FRUSTRATION OF MINOR POSTS...

ONLY THREE TESTS YOU'VE RUN TODAY...AND YOU'RE BEHIND ON YOUR WEEK'S QUOTA AGAIN! I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER WHETHER YOU'RE **UP** TO THIS JOB, HENDERSON!



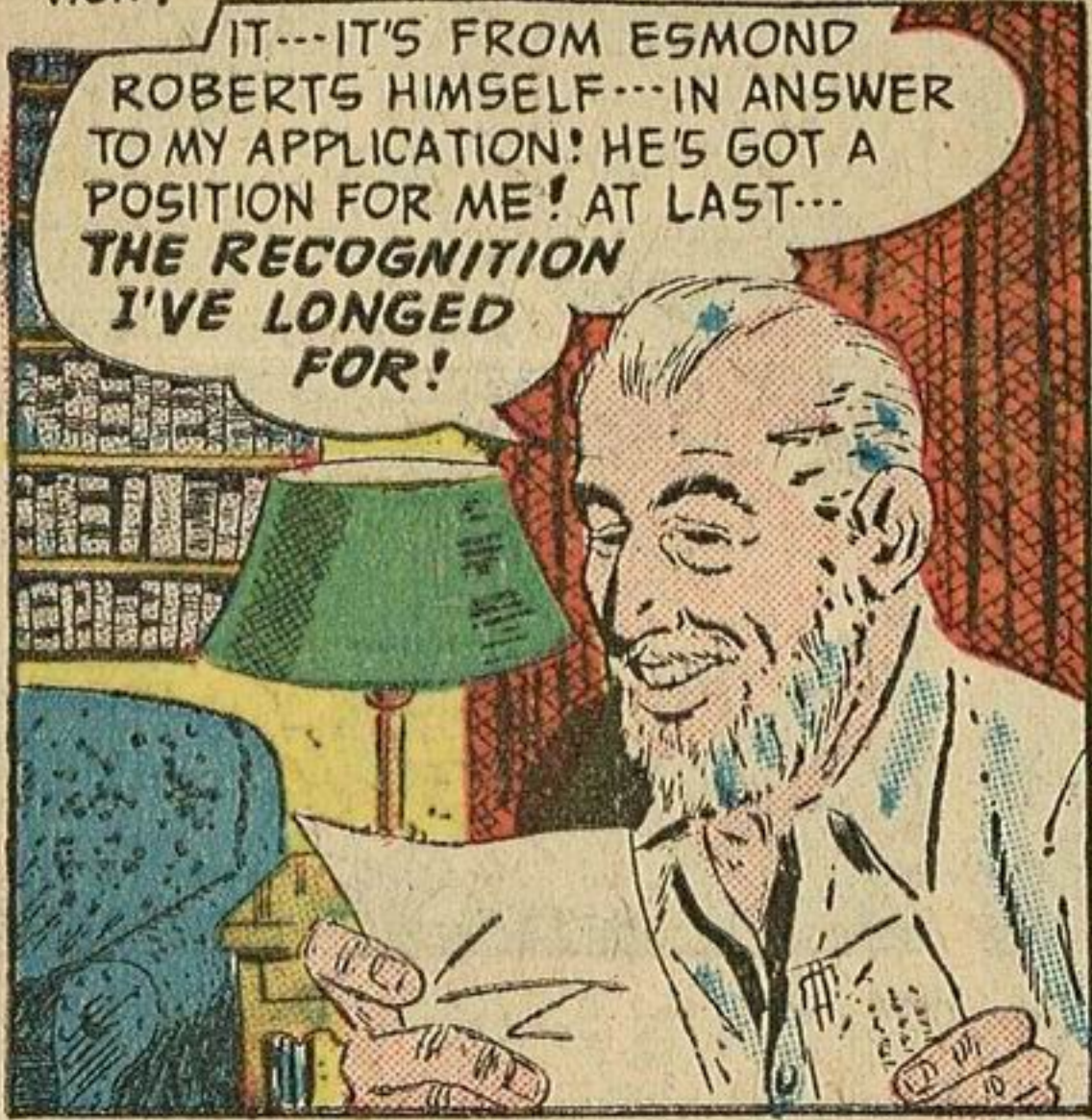
THUS THE BITTER YEARS PASSED...AND HE NEVER ROSE ABOVE MEDIOCRITY! SMALL WONDER THAT HE BECAME WARPED BY FAILURE...

CONGRATULATIONS, PARKER! THEY COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER MAN AS THE NEW LAB DIRECTOR! THAT POST SHOULD HAVE BEEN **MINE!** I, WHO COULD BE A **STAR** IN THE SCIENTIFIC FIRMAMENT...IF ONLY THE WHOLE WORLD WEREN'T AGAINST ME!



THEY SAY THE LAW OF AVERAGES FINALLY EVENS THINGS UP...AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT CLARKE HENDERSON THOUGHT WHEN, AT LONG LAST, HE RECEIVED THAT HOPED-FOR LETTER FROM THE ROBERTS FOUNDATION!

IT...IT'S FROM ESMOND ROBERTS HIMSELF...IN ANSWER TO MY APPLICATION! HE'S GOT A POSITION FOR ME! AT LAST... **THE RECOGNITION I'VE LONGED FOR!**



**BUT...AT THE ROBERTS FOUNDATION FOR ROCKET RESEARCH...**

OH, YES...YOUR NAME'S **CLARKE P. HENDERSON**, AS I RECALL! YOUR QUALIFICATIONS SHOWED A CERTAIN APTITUDE FOR MECHANICS...AND I'M HAPPY TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE AS A LABORATORY ASSISTANT IN OUR PLANNING DIVISION!

AN...ASSISTANT? BUT...BUT DR. ROBERTS...





ANOTHER ROUTINE JOB TO ADD TO THE FIRES OF JEALOUSY AND DISAPPOINTMENT! HENDERSON'S WORK WAS CONFINED TO JUST A RESTRICTED PORTION OF THE PLANS FOR THE NEW ROBERTS SPACE ROCKET... BUT HE FELT THAT HIS WAS THE MAJOR CONTRIBUTION...

THIS ROCKET IS GOING TO BE THE FIRST TO PENETRATE OUTER SPACE SUCCESSFULLY... BUT WILL I GET THE CREDIT THAT'S DUE ME? HOW CAN I... WHEN NOBODY'S EVER HEARD OF ME!



ACTUALLY, HE DIDN'T HAVE THE SLIGHTEST CONCEPT OF THE OVER-ALL PLANS OR OPERATION DETAILS... BUT HE COULDN'T HELP PICKING UP CERTAIN INTERESTING INFORMATION...

AS YOU KNOW, GENERAL, THE ROCKET IS AUTOMATICALLY TIMED TO RETURN SAFELY TO EARTH AFTER A CERTAIN PERIOD OF FLIGHT IN SPACE!

YES... AND I'M HOPING THAT THE DUMMY SEATED AT THE AUTOMATIC CONTROLS WORKS OUT EFFECTIVELY...



WHAT'S THIS NONSENSE ABOUT A DUMMY?... SAY! IF... IF I ONLY DARED REMOVE IT SECRETLY... AND SEAL MYSELF WITHIN THE ROCKET! THEN I'D BE AT THE CONTROLS... THE FIRST MAN TO VENTURE INTO OUTER SPACE!



JUST ONE MAN AMONG THE THOUSANDS WHO WORKED FOR THE GREAT SCIENTIFIC FOUNDATION... OLD, WEARY, BEATEN! WHO COULD EVER HAVE GUESSED THE DARING MAGNITUDE OF HIS WILD PLAN?

FROM WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE ROCKET'S CONSTRUCTION, IT OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO SUSTAIN HUMAN LIFE WITHIN IT! BUT I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CERTAIN PRECAUTIONS... AN OXYGEN HELMET, FOR ONE THING! WHAT DANGER COULD THERE BE... WHEN IT'S AUTOMATICALLY TIMED TO RETURN TO EARTH?



DAYS PASSED... WEEKS LENGTHENED INTO MONTHS... AND GRADUALLY, THE GIANT ROBERTS ROCKET TOOK SHAPE!

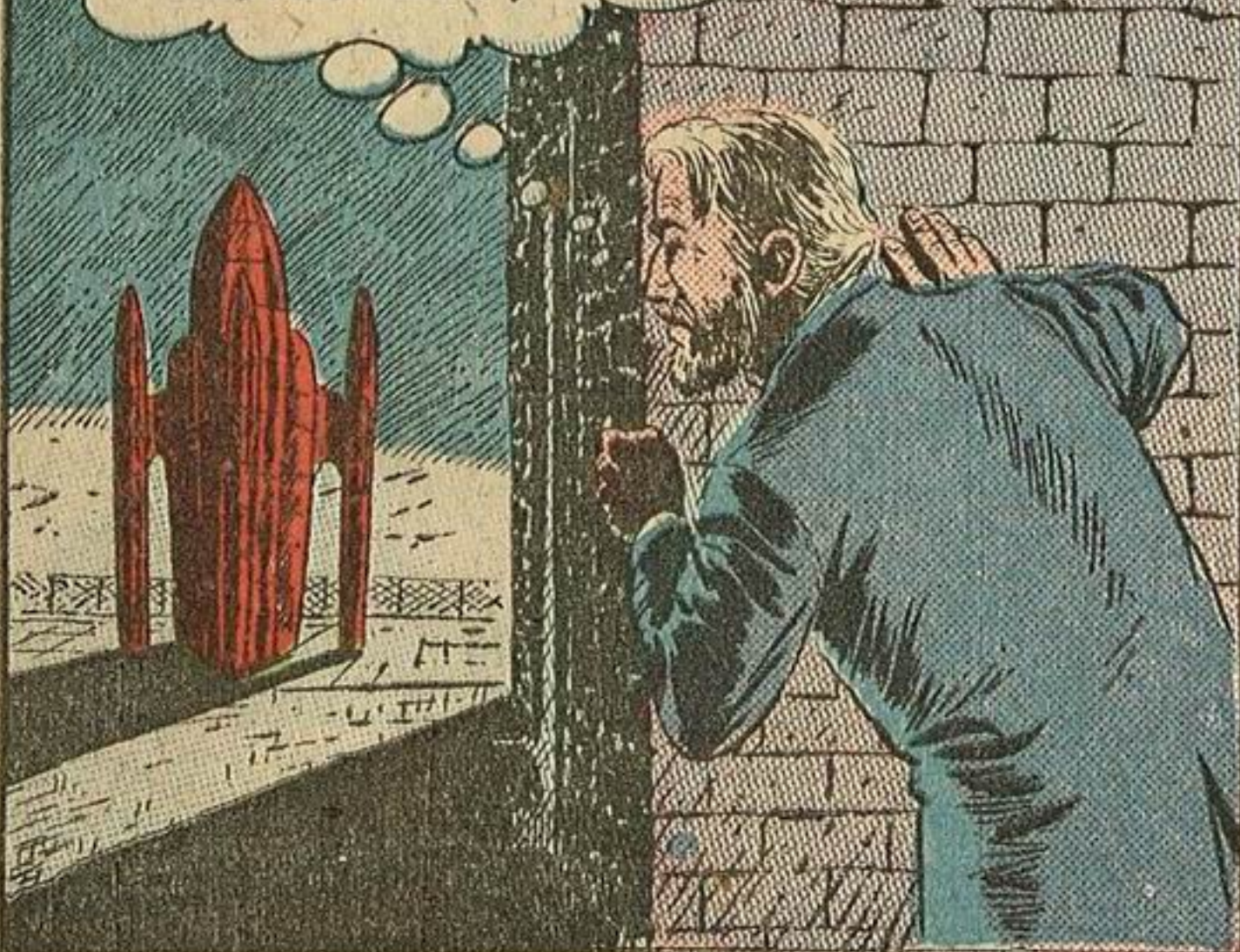
WELL, HENDERSON, SHE'S FINISHED! AND YOU'VE WORKED HARD... DON'T THINK THAT I DON'T REALIZE THAT THERE'S SOME CREDIT DUE YOU, TOO!

THAT'S A LAUGH! WHEN I RETURN IN THE ROCKET, I'LL HAVE THE FAME I DESERVE AT LAST! THE WORLD WILL LOOK UP TO ME AS A STAR IN MY OWN RIGHT, RATHER THAN ROBERTS!



THE BIG PROJECTILE WAS TIMED TO BE DISCHARGED AT TEN THE FOLLOWING MORNING! THAT NIGHT... WHEN ALL WAS STILL...

THE GUARDS ARE POSTED AROUND THE EXTERIOR OF THE GROUNDS! NOBODY EVER EXPECTED AN INSIDE JOB!



THE STUPIDITY OF THAT FOOL ROBERTS... THINKING IT SUCH A GREAT JOKE TO SEAT A DUMMY IN THE ROCKET! BUT NOW IT'S GOING TO CARRY A LIVE CARGO!





**BUT AT THAT MOMENT...NEARBY...**

MAYBE IT'S LUCKY THAT ANTICIPATION OF TOMORROW WOULDN'T LET ME SLEEP...  
**BECAUSE I COULD SWEAR I HEARD A NOISE FROM THE ROCKET EMPLACEMENT!**



**HENDERSON!  
WHAT DOES THIS  
MEAN?**

**YOU, EH? YOU'LL  
NEVER STOP ME  
NOW!**



**STOP! YOU'RE CRAZY  
...YOU DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE DOING...**

**OH, DON'T I? I'M GOING  
TO BE IN THAT ROCKET  
WHEN IT TAKES OFF,  
ROBERTS...AND I'LL  
BE FAMOUS!**



**THERE! THAT  
SETTLES YOU!**

**WHAM!**



**I'LL LOCK HIM IN THIS  
CLOSET! THAT WAY I CAN  
MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T  
SPOIL THINGS FOR ME!**



**SHE'S SET TO  
GO OFF WITHIN  
A MATTER OF  
MINUTES...WITH DR.  
ROBERTS NOWHERE  
TO BE FOUND! I  
DON'T GET IT!**

**IF YOU ASK  
ME, HE'S BEEN  
KIDNAPPED BY  
SPIES!**



**AND SO THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD FOIL OLD CLARKE  
HENDERSON'S DARING SCHEME WAS A PRISONER, UN-  
CONSCIOUS AND HELPLESS! NEXT MORNING... AS  
TAKEOFF TIME APPROACHED...**

**(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)**



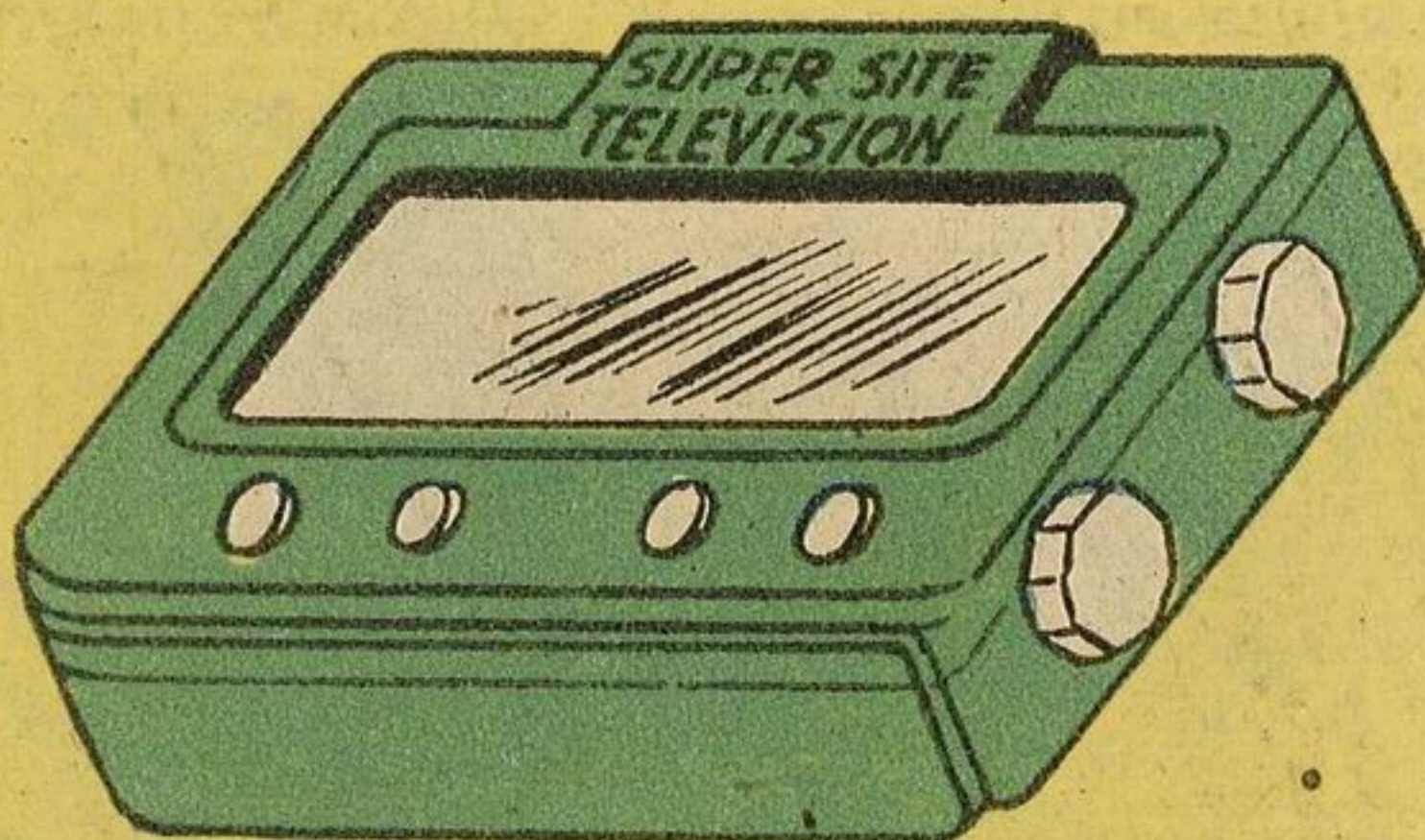
# HEY KIDS!!

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**\$1**



COMPLETE WITH 8 ROLLS  
OF COLOR FILM



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MR. BLUSTER

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7. Howdy Doody Goes to Mars
8. Howdy Doody Visits Indian Friends



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IT WAS A BAFFLING MYSTERY! BUT NOBODY WORRIED ABOUT CLARKE HENDERSON'S ABSENCE---HE WAS TOO UNIMPORTANT TO MISS! BUT EVEN THEN---HIDDEN IN THE DEPTHS OF THE GREAT ROCKET---



WHILE NEARBY, A PRISONER WORKED  
FEVERISHLY AGAINST TIME, STRIVING  
TO ESCAPE FROM HIS BONDS!



OUTSIDE...THE ZERO HOUR! THERE WAS A ROAR AS OF A  
THOUSAND TORNADOES---A FIERY, BLINDING BLAST---AS THE  
ROCKET HURTLERD UPWARD!



AND...TOO LATE BY BUT A SINGLE MOMENT---





AND UP, UP INTO SPACE ROARED THE GREAT ROCKET, EARTH LEFT BEHIND IN THE WAKE OF ITS SHATTERING SPEED! DESTINATION... OUTER SPACE!



IT'S... UNBELIEVABLE! CLARKE HENDERSON... THE FIRST MAN IN ALL HUMAN HISTORY TO SEE SCENES LIKE THIS! AH, THEY'LL LISTEN TO ME NOW!

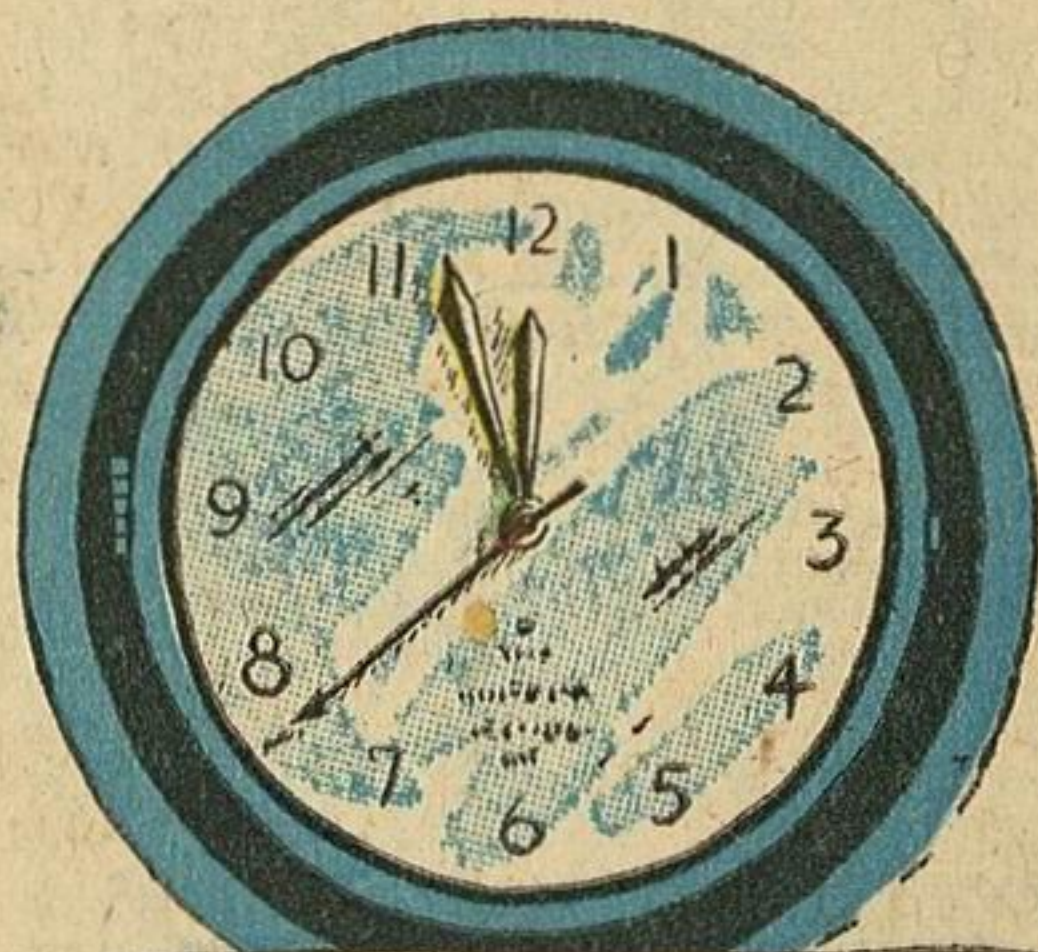


THEY'LL HANG ON MY EVERY WORD... I'LL BE THE SCIENTIFIC STAR I ALWAYS DESERVED TO BE! WAIT TILL THEY HEAR... WHAT I'LL HAVE TO TELL THEM...



BUT FAR BELOW, GRIMMER WORDS WERE BEING SPOKEN...

IT'S... APPALLING! SURE, HENDERSON KNEW SOMETHING ABOUT THE ROCKET... MAYBE EVEN A GOOD DEAL... BUT THERE WAS ONE THING THAT WAS TOP SECRET, AND THAT HE **COULDN'T** KNOW! IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN **AUTOMATICALLY**... AT THE VERY MOMENT WHEN THE ROCKET REACHES ITS LIMIT IN DISTANCE AND TURNS FOR THE HOMEWARD FLIGHT!

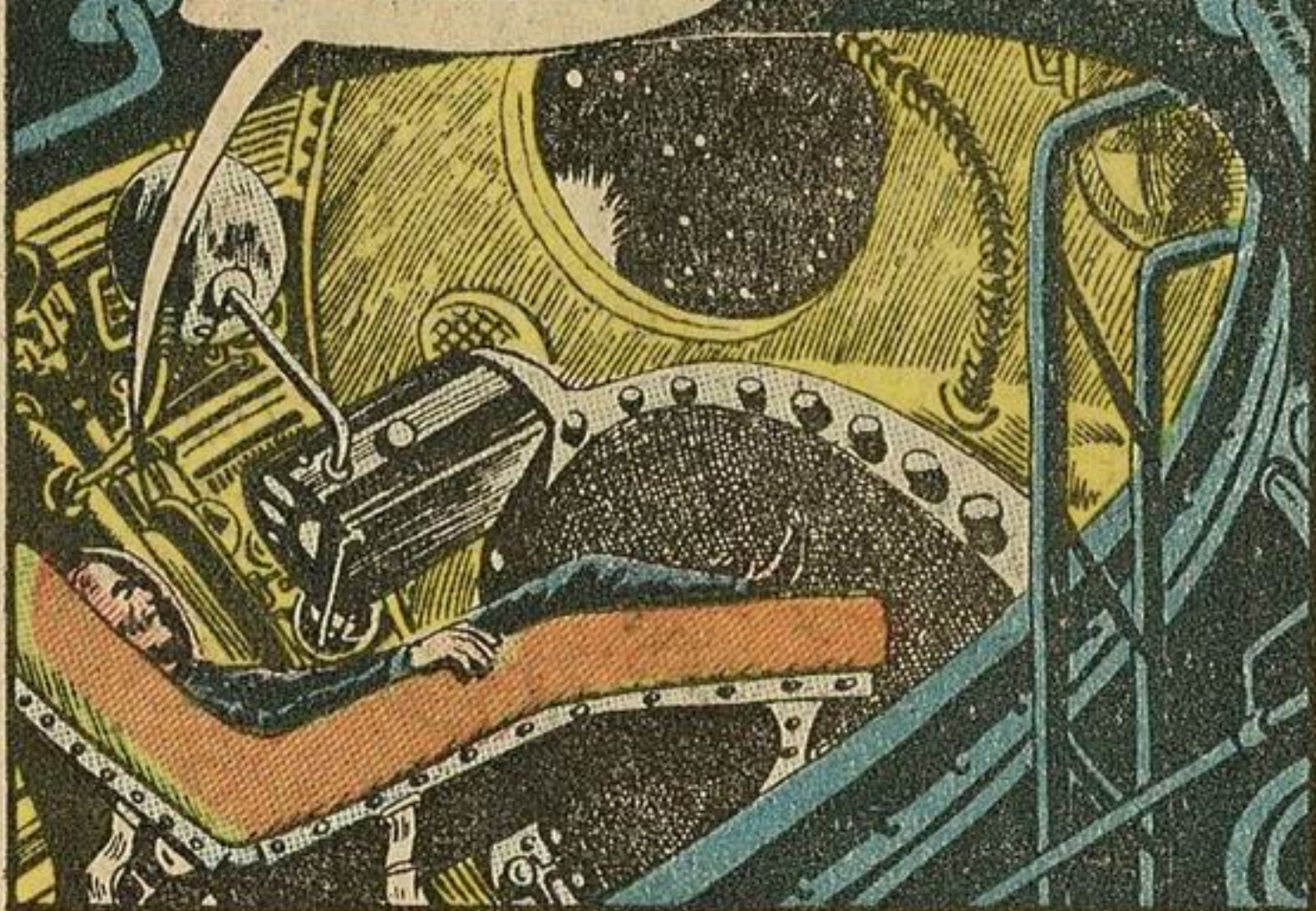


IT'S SET FOR TWELVE O'CLOCK... IN THREE MINUTES! AND HE DOESN'T KNOW... HE DOESN'T KNOW!



AND AS THE FATEFUL MOMENTS TICKED ONWARD---

IT'LL BE MR. HENDERSON NOW---MAYBE EVEN DR. HENDERSON! THEY'LL KNOW I'M A SOMEBODY **NOW**! THEY'LL GIVE ME MY RIGHTFUL RECOGNITION AFTER ALL THESE YEARS---**AS A STAR IN MY OWN RIGHT!**

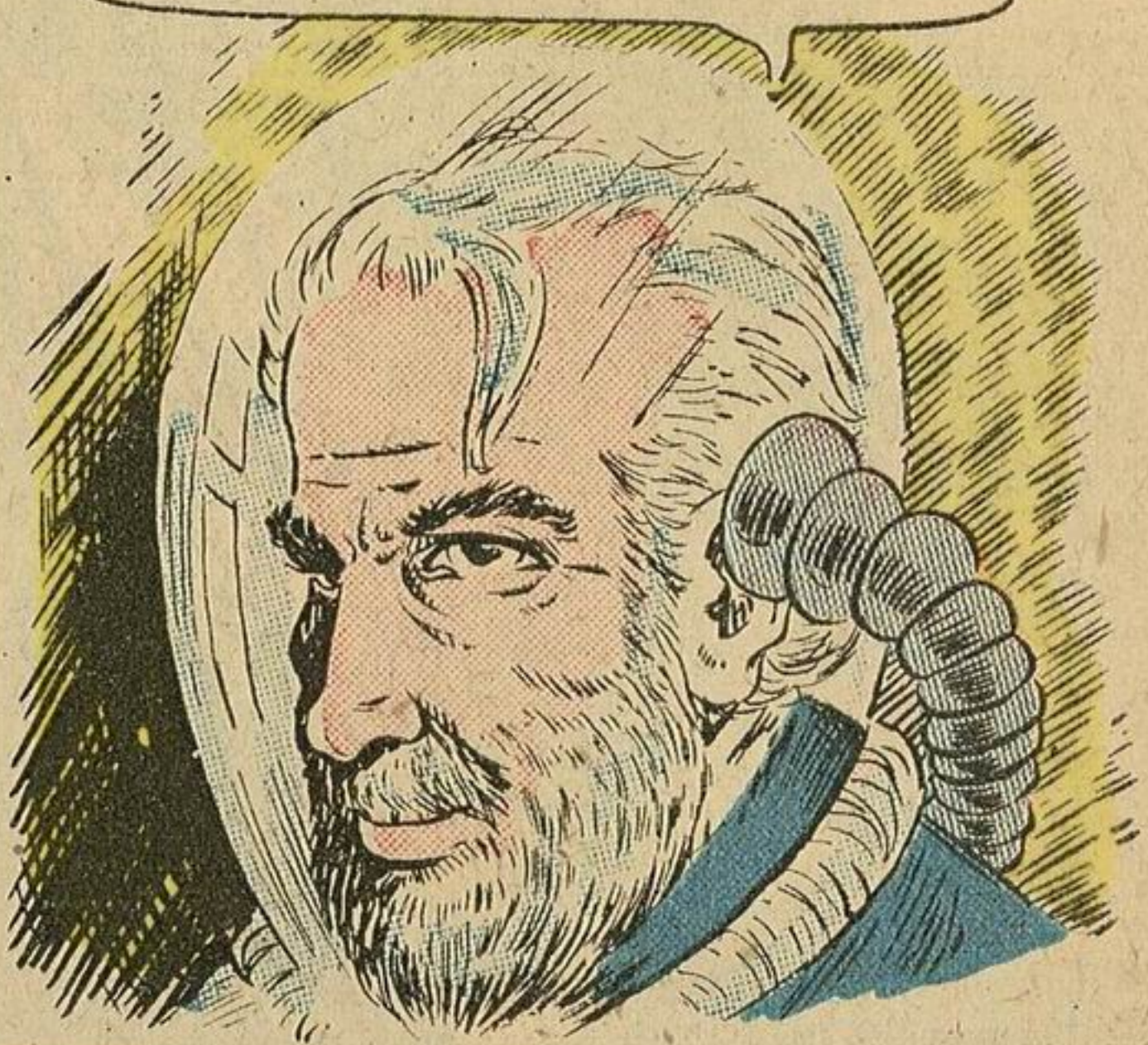


Then, suddenly---ASTOUNDINGLY---

WHAT...

**BLAM!**

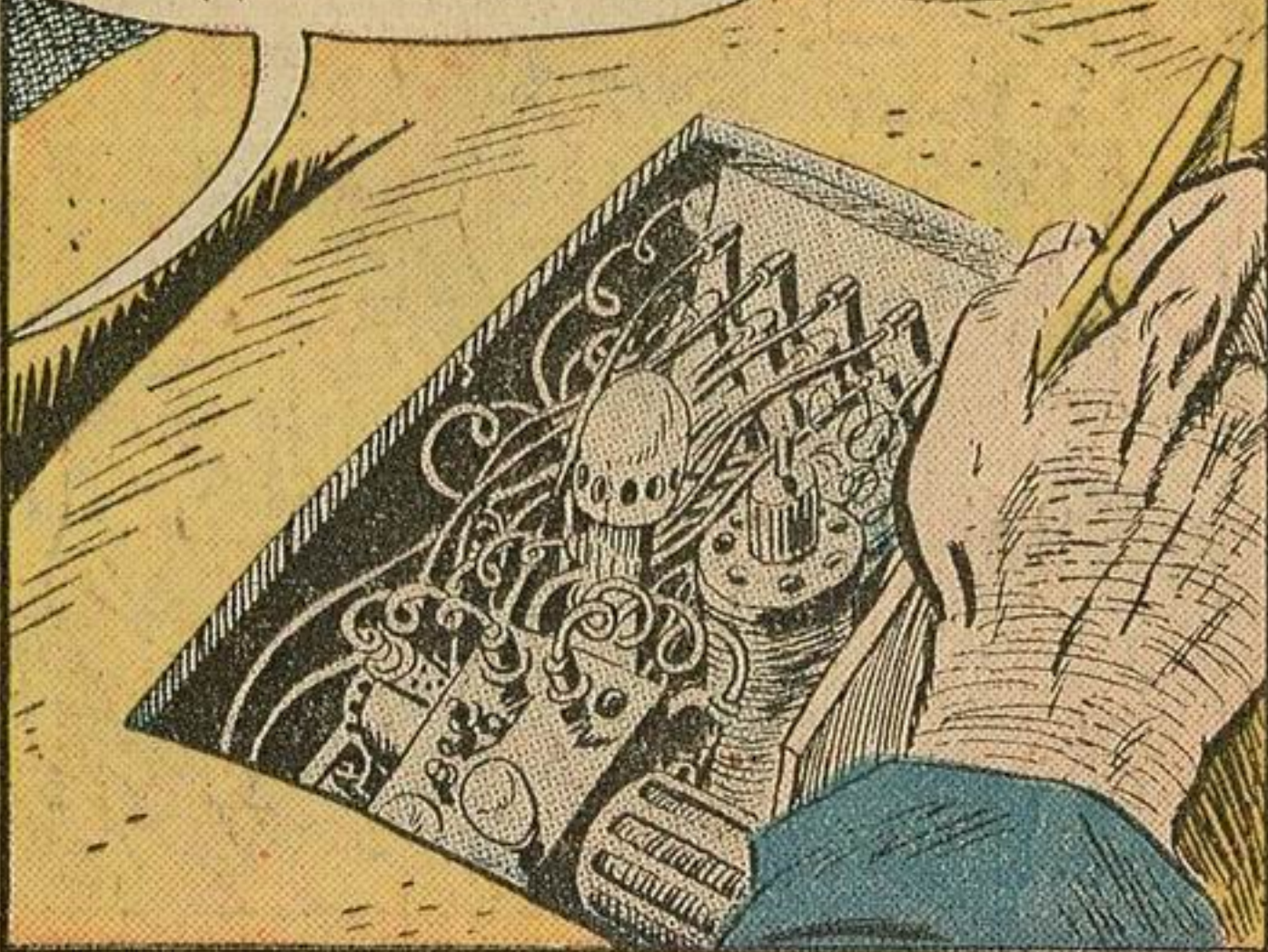
WHEN I RETURN---I CAN HARDLY WAIT!  
---MATTER OF FACT, IT SHOULD BE ABOUT NOW THAT THE ROCKET'S DUE TO REACH THE LIMIT OF ITS FLIGHT INTO SPACE!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND, DR. ROBERTS! JUST WHAT **IS** IT THAT HENDERSON DIDN'T KNOW?

THAT THE CHIEF PURPOSE OF THIS PROJECT WAS TO TEST RADIO-ACTIVITY IN OUTER SPACE OVER A PERIOD OF **YEARS**---AND IT WAS FOR THIS PURPOSE THAT THE DUMMY WAS THE PRINCIPAL, ALL-IMPORTANT OCCUPANT OF THE ROCKET!

THE IDEA WAS THAT THE DUMMY WOULD BE EJECTED AUTOMATICALLY INTO SPACE AS SOON AS THE ROCKET REACHED ITS OUTER LIMIT! **INTO SPACE**---WHERE THE GRAVITATIONAL FORCE OF THE SPHERES WOULD FORCE IT INTO AN ORBIT **AROUND WHICH IT WOULD WHIRL FOR ETERNITY!**





---AND MEANWHILE, ITS RADIO APPARATUS  
WOULD BE SENDING OUT IMPULSES TO BE  
REGISTERED ON THE LABORATORY'S  
SPECIALLY-DEvised DETECTION DEVICES  
FAR BELOW! OH, LORD, GENTLEMEN, DO YOU  
---DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS **MEANS?**



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR ASTRONOMERS TO FIND THE  
ANSWER! YES, TODAY THERE'S A **NEW STAR** IN THE  
HEAVENS---



**AND** AS HE WHIRLS HIS ETERNAL  
PATH THROUGH OUTER SPACE, WHO  
CAN SAY THAT CLARKE P. HENDERSON  
HAD NOT ACHIEVED HIS LIFETIME  
WISH---TO BECOME A **STAR** IN  
HIS OWN RIGHT?





# The **IMAGINATION** *that* **KID** has!

"JOHNNY, that's the last straw!" said Mrs. Hoffman. "I'm *tired* of those tall stories of yours! You know very well that you didn't see any ghost at the old Hoskins house! Just one more lie like that, and I promise that you'll suffer for it! No arguments, please—I want you to take this pattern over to Mrs. Doran!"

And so Johnny took the pattern and left for the Doran place, which was two farms distant from that of his family. It was an hour's walk each way at a regular pace, but that was never the way Johnny walked. There were too many things to investigate, explore and clothe in the wondrous and magical fabric of his rich imagination. So any walk became a thing of continual expeditions and asides. Particularly this night, when he was in no hurry to get back home. He was too indignant because of the scolding he had received. His errand accomplished, he turned homeward reluctantly, with lagging footsteps. "Ya'd think they'd believe me *sometimes*," he soliloquized bitterly. "Gosh, that thing I saw at the Hoskins house *coulda* been a ghost! It scared me, didn't it? How do I *know* it was just old curtains flappin'? The way it came towards me, anybody'd swear it was some kinda haunt!" He went on in this fashion until he discovered that he had wasted far more time than usual, and the blackness of night had already fallen. There'd be *more* trouble if he got home late—he'd better take that short cut across the lonely Blake pasture.

It was as he scaled the ruins of an old stone wall that Johnny first became aware of the fact that things weren't quite normal. That distant sighing in the air—he was hardly aware of it at first—until it gained in intensity, becoming a quivering roar. Instinctively he ducked, with the Kansas farmboy's knowledge of the quick "twisters," the terrible wind storms that occasionally struck. He was conscious of a monstrous black shape roaring past him. Whatever it was, it came to a skidding stop a few hundred feet away. Curiosity got the better of fear, and with pounding heart, he crept closer, closer, finally taking refuge in a patch of bushes near the oddly-streamlined, bullet-shaped object.

It was about a hundred feet long, dark

and silent — no, suddenly that had changed! A flood of light burst from it as a hatchway in its side opened, and there came a babble of voices. Men were coming out of it—ordinary, everyday men just like you'd expect to see anywhere. And they spoke just as good English as you and I. It was *what* they said that brought Johnny's heart into his mouth and clove his tongue to his palate. "Remember," said the big man who seemed to be their leader, "we need have no fear regarding our speech, because our telepathic rendering makes it identical with that of the earthlings! And they won't be able to distinguish us from themselves by our appearance—have not our scientists labored mightily to make us over in *their* image? Only the small, glowing plates imbedded in our skulls can identify us—but they won't know to look for them! We'll mingle with the populace, spy out the strong points—and seize them after we blow up the seat of their national government! During the turmoil, our other space ships will land—and *we take over!*"

That was all Johnny had to hear. On silent, speeding feet, he was running through the blackness, wildly racing for home. There wasn't a second to be lost—he had to spread the alarm, rally America and the entire earth to the awful menace from out of space! Thank heavens his parents were level-headed enough to know what to do in an emergency like this! He was wild-eyed, almost incoherent as he finally staggered into his house.

Finally, he could make himself understood. "Blake pasture," he croaked. "Space ship just came down—from another world! Gonna—take over the earth! Men with funny, shining plates in their skulls—gonna—blow up Washington—"

"That's enough," said Mrs. Hoffman sternly. "I *told* you I'd make you suffer if you tried telling one more tall story! Go to bed at once—and you'll stay in this house until you *admit* that all this was a lie!"

Stricken, horrified, Johnny backed away. They didn't believe him—*nobody* would believe him, with *his* reputation! And as he mounted the stairs on leaden feet, the last thing he heard was his mother, saying, "The *imagination* that kid has!"



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Your initial in 3-D relief on pseudo Ruby, flanked by 2 imitation diamonds. A real stunner! No. 401. Only 1.98



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Women feel proud wearing this splendid friendship ring. Same styling as diamond rings selling for \$500. No. 309. Only 1.98.



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Lovely classical engagement ring! 5 brilliant Pseudo Diamonds. Natural gold color band. Perfect beginning for courtship! No. 357. 1.98



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Massive, extra heavy men's ring. 3 Dimensional head is fine example of inspired Indian craftsmanship! Gold plated. No. 351—only 1.98



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Gorgeous rings—12 sparkling Pseudo Diamonds. Natural gold color bands. 1.98 each ring. Both for 3.50. No. 311.



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Friendship ring of delicate beauty to be cherished for years! 2 "Hope" simulated Rubies. Entwined hearts Gold color band. No. 413—1.98



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A ladies' ring that out-dazzles some expensive ones! Lovely Sterling band, set with 2 large & 4 small pseudo diamonds. No. 341. 1.98



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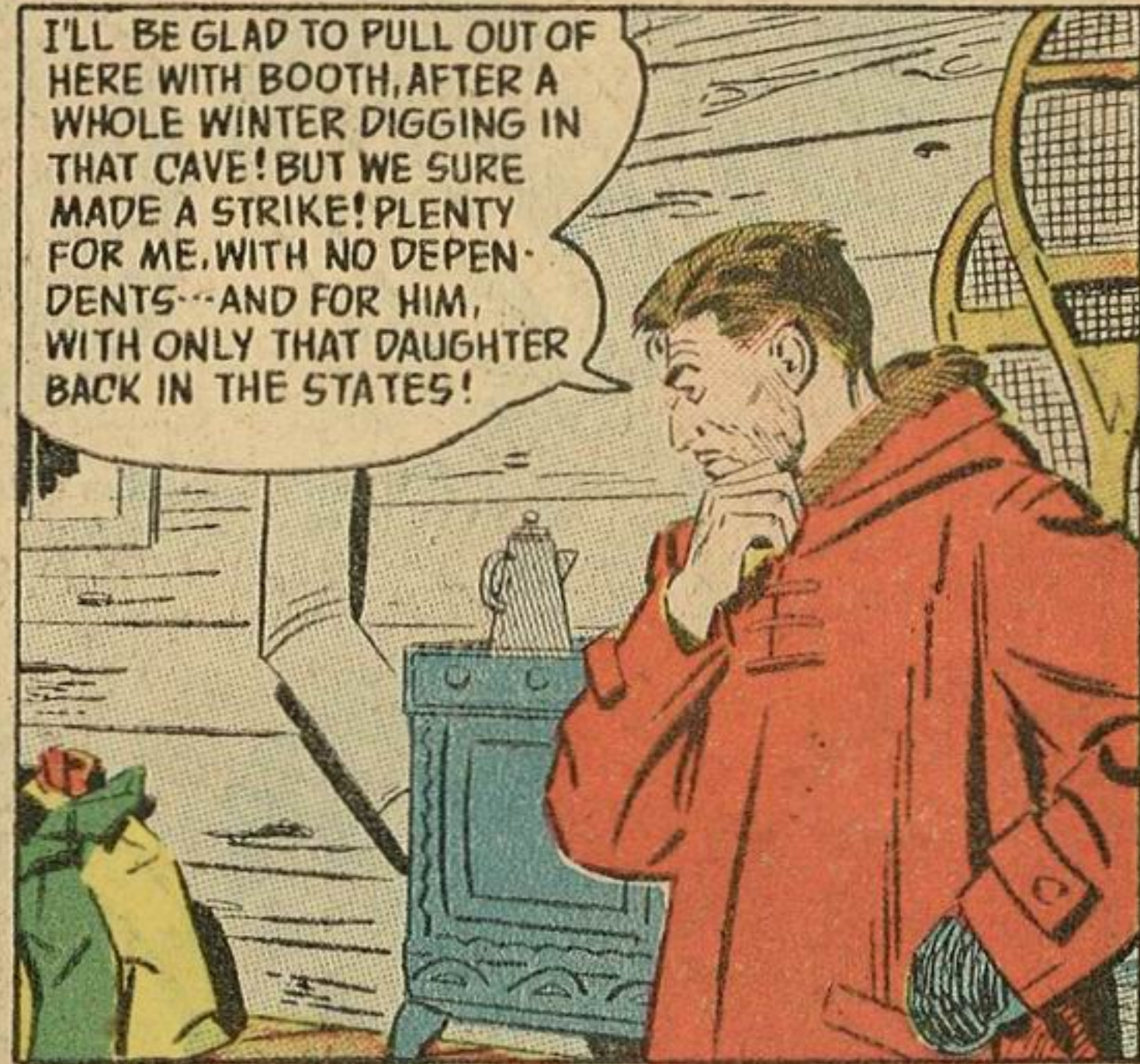
CAN THE DEADLY COLD OF THE ARCTIC CLAIM REVENGE FOR A MAN'S ACTIONS? CAN IT INCH SOUTH LIKE A GLACIER---COVERING TWO THOUSAND MILES IN A YEAR---BRINGING THE DAZZLE OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS AND THE LASHING FURY OF A BLIZZARD? IT SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE---BUT SOMEWHERE UP IN THAT FROZEN WILDERNESS, ETERNAL PEACE HAS COME TO...

# The FACE behind the ICE!

WHY DO I ALWAYS  
SEE... HIS FACE BE-  
FORE ME? I'VE GOT  
TO GET AWAY FROM  
IT... AWAY!

I'LL BE GLAD TO PULL OUT OF  
HERE WITH BOOTH, AFTER A  
WHOLE WINTER DIGGING IN  
THAT CAVE! BUT WE SURE  
MADE A STRIKE! PLENTY  
FOR ME, WITH NO DEPEND-  
ENTS---AND FOR HIM,  
WITH ONLY THAT DAUGHTER  
BACK IN THE STATES!

BOOTH'S IN THE CAVE GETTING OUT  
THE LAST OF THE GOLD! I BETTER  
WARN HIM TO CLEAR OUT FAST  
---I DON'T LIKE THE NOISE THAT  
SNOW UP ON THE MOUNTAIN'S  
MAKING! SEEMS LIKE IT'S  
FIXING TO SLIDE!



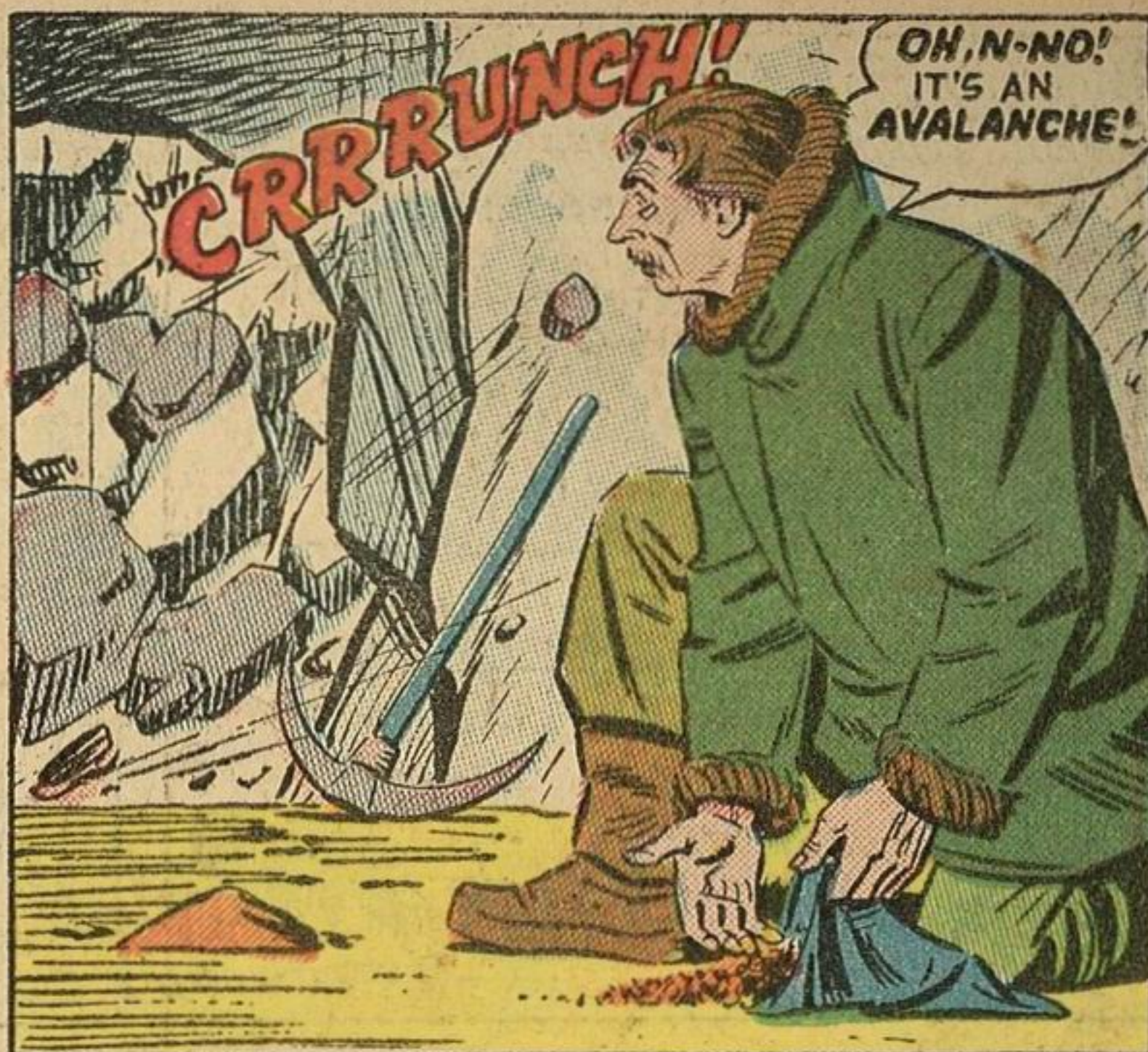




WHAT THE...IT'S THAT HALF-TAMED FOX THAT'S GOTTEN SO ATTACHED TO BOOTH! SEEMS TO BE TRYING TO ATTRACT MY ATTENTION...**GREAT SCOTT! THE SLIDE'S STARTED!**

**RUMBLE!**

**YIP! YIP!**



**CRRRUNCH!**

**OH, N-NO! IT'S AN AVALANCHE!**



THANK... GOSH I WAS HERE WHEN IT HAPPENED! I GOTTA TRY TO DIG HIM OUT-- BEFORE THERE'S ANOTHER SLIDE---



**RRRR-RRR-RRR**

LIKE I THOUGHT-- **THERE SHE COMES AGAIN!** IF I DON'T MOVE FAST, I'LL BE TRAPPED-- BURIED!



HE JUST MADE IT IN TIME-- BUT NOW POOR BOOTH'S CAVE WAS SO BURIED UNDER TONS OF ICE THAT RESCUE WAS IMPOSSIBLE!

**OW-W-W!**  
SHUT UP, CONFOUND YOU! DON'T LOOK AFTER ME AS IF IT'S MY FAULT! I HADDA GET OUTA HERE TO SAVE MYSELF-- THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO FOR HIM!

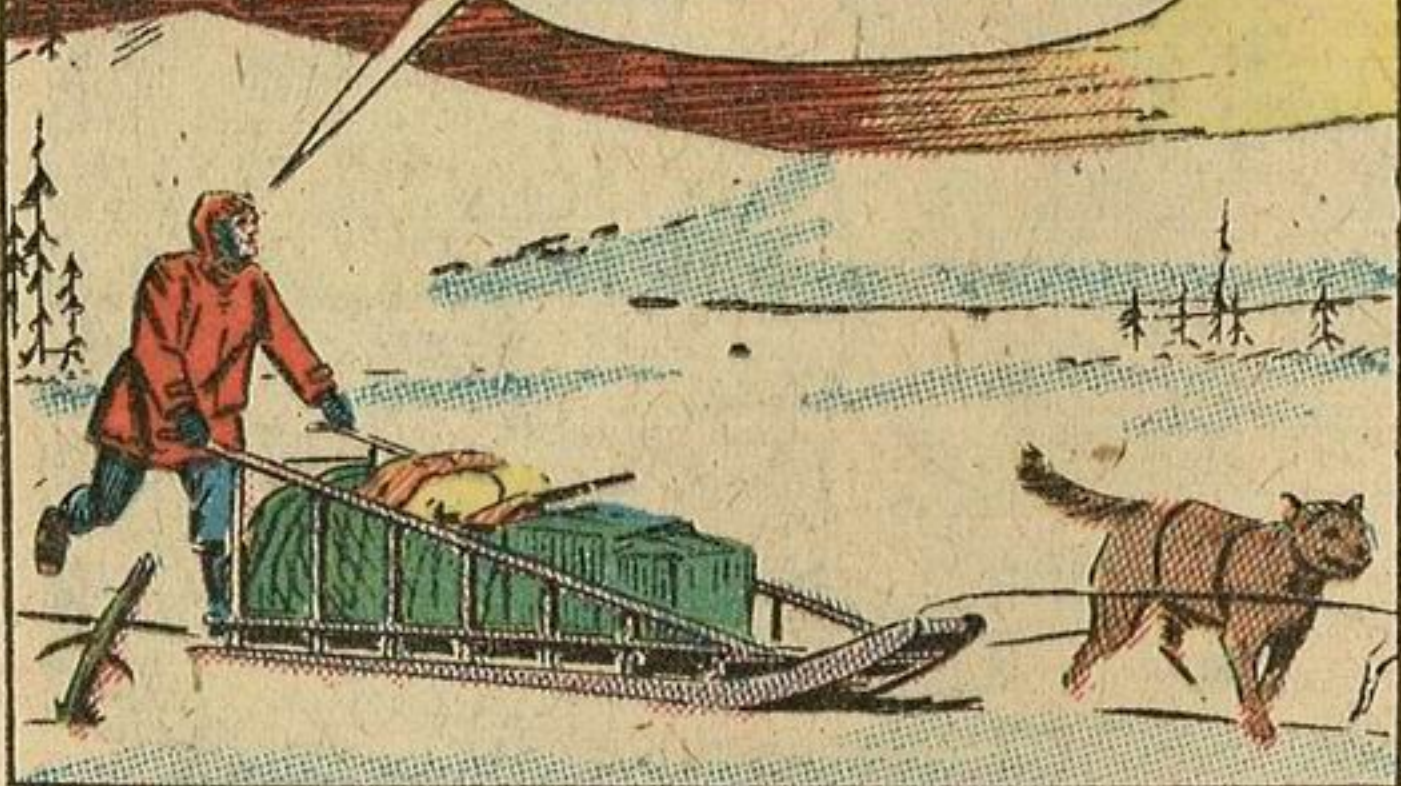


IT...IT ISN'T AS IF IT WAS HIS **GOLD** I WANTED! I'M NOT FORGETTING THAT DAUGHTER OF HIS... I'LL SEE THAT SHE GETS WHAT'S COMING TO HER! I OUGHTA REACH THE STEAMSHIP LANDING IN TWO DAYS--



SLOWLY, THE NORTHERN LIGHTS GREW DIM... AND A RED DAWN FLAMED OVER THE SNOW! A BRILLIANT SUN ROSE BLINDINGLY, REFLECTING FROM THE ICY CRUST...

BLAZES... WHY DIDN'T I WAIT UNTIL NIGHT? I'M HEADING SOUTHEAST... WITH THAT BLASTED GLARE IN MY FACE!



SOON THE SNOW AND THE SUNLIGHT SEEMED TO MERGE... SEARING HIS EYES IN A FIERY FLASH!

EVERYTHING'S GETTING DIM! I CAN'T TELL WHICH WAY I'M HEADING!



I'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF MYSELF! I'LL REST A BIT... AND WAIT UNTIL THE SUN IS HAZED OVER BY THE MIST!



SHIVERING AND IMPATIENT, THE LEAD DOG RAISED A HOWL... AND IN THAT INSTANT... SANDERSON SAW SOMETHING!

WHAT'S THAT... UNDER THE ICE?

AAAROOOOO!



WHY'D YOU EVER FOLLOW ME? KEEP AWAY-- KEEP AWAY!



WHY'D YOU EVER FOLLOW ME...











YOU'LL BE ABLE TO LEAVE ON TOMORROW'S BOAT, SANDERSON! AND ACCORDING TO THE TESTS WE MADE ON THAT GOLD DUST YOU BROUGHT BACK... YOU'RE A WEALTHY MAN!

THE WHOLE THING... IT WAS ALL MY IMAGINATION! THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR... I CAN GO BACK TO THE STATES...



YES... SANDERSON WAS RICH NOW! HE SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH LUXURIES, EVEN BECAME ENGAGED TO A LOVELY WOMAN... ALL TO HELP HIM FORGET THE FACE HE LEFT BACK THERE... BEHIND THE ICE!

I PICKED OUT A BEAUTIFUL GIFT WITH THE BIRTHDAY MONEY YOU GAVE ME, DEAR! LIKE TO SEE IT?

NOT RIGHT NOW, BABY! I FEEL RESTLESS TONIGHT... I WANT TO GET GOING AND HAVE SOME FUN!



PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, SANDY! YOU SEEM MILES AWAY!

JUST A MOOD! KIND OF HARD TO EXPLAIN... BUT IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE I'VE SEEN SNOW!



SANDY... DOESN'T THAT CLARINET SOUND WONDERFUL? I COULD LISTEN TO IT FOREVER... AROUND YOU!

SORRY TO BREAK IN, MR. SANDERSON... BUT I'D LIKE AN INTERVIEW FOR THE "EVENING GLOBE"!



HOW DID YOU FEEL WHEN YOU LEFT YOUR ARCTIC CAMP WITH THAT LOAD OF HIGH-YIELD ORE... EXACTLY ONE YEAR AGO?

YOU MEAN IT WAS A YEAR AGO... TONIGHT?



I DON'T WANT TO REMEMBER THAT TRIP, BUD! I'VE GOT NOTHING TO SAY... SO SCRAM OUT OF HERE!

THAT'S RIGHT, SANDY... IT'S OUR PARTY! COME ON... LET'S DANCE!

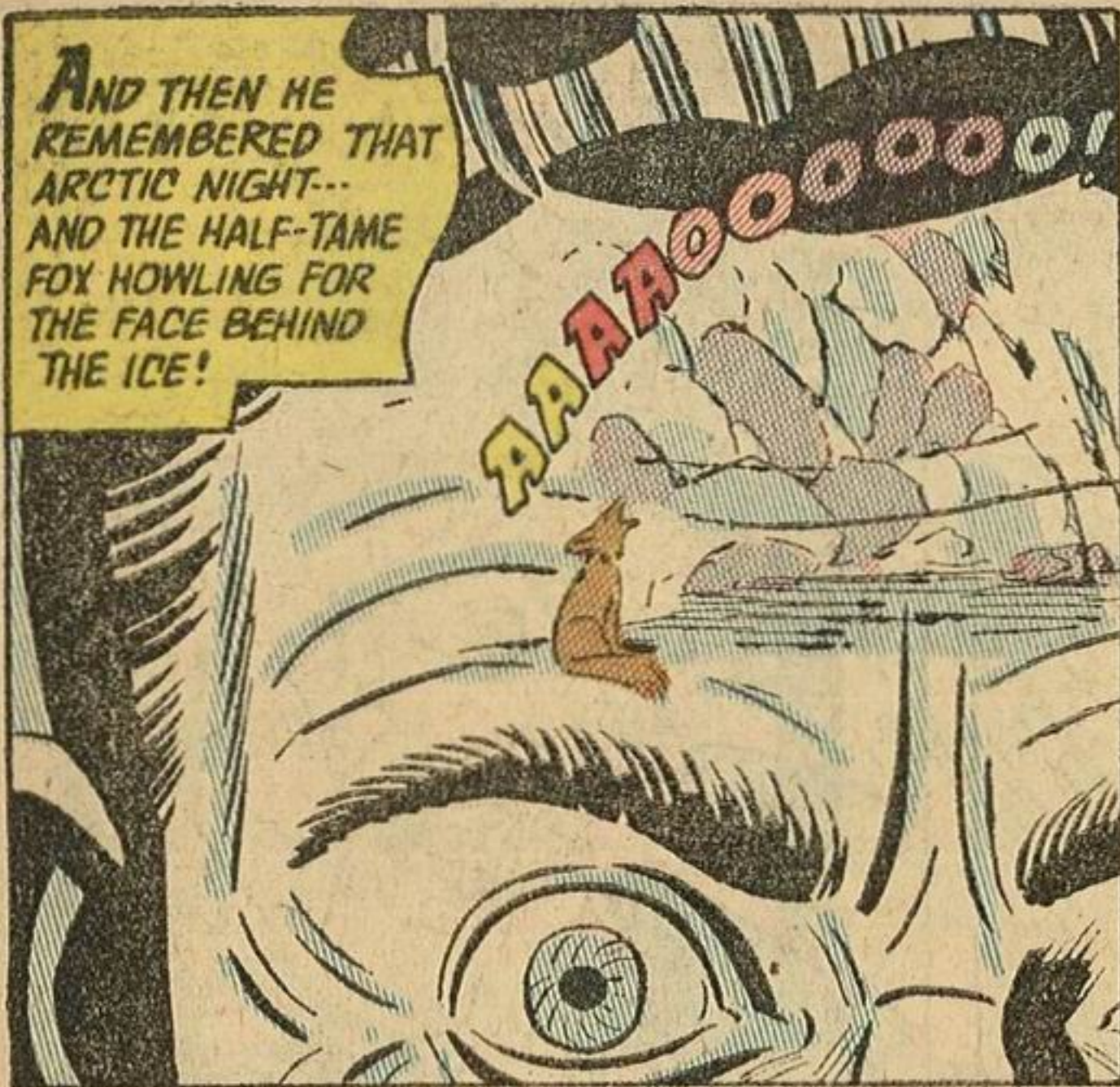
SANDERSON HARDLY HEARD THE MUSIC... EXCEPT FOR THOSE HIGH, LONG-DRAWN WAILS THAT COME FROM THE CLARINET!



WAAA-AAA-OOOOO!

WHAT'S COME OVER ME...? WHY CAN'T I DRIVE THAT SOUND OUT OF MY HEAD?





AND THEN HE REMEMBERED THAT ARCTIC NIGHT... AND THE HALF-TAME FOX HOWLING FOR THE FACE BEHIND THE ICE!



SANDY...WHAT ON EARTH'S WRONG?

I'VE HAD ENOUGH...THAT'S WHAT! TAKE CARE OF THE CHECK-I'M LEAVING!



LOOKS LIKE THE GENTLEMAN WANTS TO BE ALONE, MISS!

IF THAT'S THE WAY HE FEELS...HE CAN KEEP THAT FOX FUR PRESENT I BOUGHT! I'M TAKING IT RIGHT BACK TO HIS HOTEL... TONIGHT!



FOR TWO HOURS...SANDERSON WALKED IN THE SWIRLING SNOW! ABOVE WAS THE HAZY BLUR OF NEON...AND IT REMINDED HIM OF SOMETHING ELSE!

IT'S JUST LIKE SEEING THE NORTHERN LIGHTS AGAIN! I THOUGHT IT WAS ALL BURIED IN THE PAST... BUT TONIGHT I KEEP FEELING I'M GOING BACK...BACK TO THAT ARCTIC CAMP WHERE BOOTH WAS TRAPPED!



THERE WAS NOTHING LESS LIKE THE ARCTIC THAN THAT FAMILIAR HOTEL CORRIDOR...BUT AS HE REACHED HIS DOOR...

I LOCKED IT WHEN I LEFT... BUT IT'S AJAR! SOMEONE'S BEEN IN THERE...OR SOMEONE'S IN THERE NOW!



AAAAAGH!



THE FOX! IT TOOK A WHOLE YEAR...BUT IT FOUND ME!





WHAT'S GOT INTO MR. SANDERSON? HE'S ACTING LIKE A LUNATIC!

PROBABLY HAD A RUN-IN WITH HIS FIANCEE! AT LEAST...SHE SEEMED IN A HUFF WHEN SHE DEMANDED THE KEY TO HIS ROOM EARLIER TONIGHT! SAID SHE WANTED TO RETURN A VALUABLE PRESENT... A FOX FUR PIECE!



THE SNOW WAS FALLING HEAVIER NOW...IT BLOTTED OUT THE BUILDINGS--AND TURNED THE CITY INTO A MUFFLED SOLITUDE!

IT'S JUST LIKE...IT WAS A YEAR AGO TONIGHT! ALMOST AS IF I WERE **BACK** THERE AGAIN! CONFOUND IT...I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING...



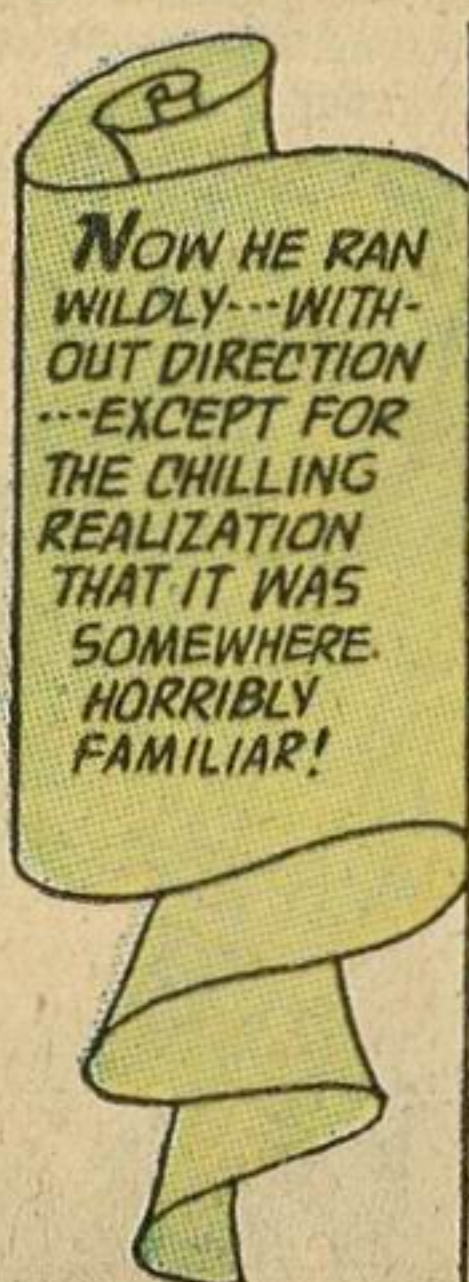
**BLAM!**



IT WAS A POLE HE'D CRASHED INTO...AND THE NUMBING IMPACT SENT STRANGE VISIONS REELING BEFORE HIS DAZED EYES! ONCE AGAIN, HE SEEMED TO SEE **BOOTH'S** FACE...

DO YOU REMEMBER ME, SANDERSON? THE MAN WHOSE DAUGHTER YOU LEFT IN POVERTY...?

**BOOTH!**



NOW HE RAN WILDLY...WITHOUT DIRECTION...EXCEPT FOR THE CHILLING REALIZATION THAT IT WAS SOMEWHERE HORRIBLY FAMILIAR!



ONLY...ICE AND SNOW AROUND ME...AND NO HUMAN HABITATIONS! HE'S CAUGHT ME...HE'S BROUGHT ME **BACK TO THE ARCTIC!**



HE KEPT GOING UNTIL THE WIND ROSE--LASHING HIM WITH FROZEN SLEET! THEN HE FELL...AS THE HOWL OF A FOX SENT A CHILL TO HIS HEART!

IT'S NO USE...I CAN'T GET AWAY FROM THAT **FACE BEHIND THE ICE!**



THE SAINTS PRESERVE US...LOOK! A MAN'S FACE...UNDER THE ICE...

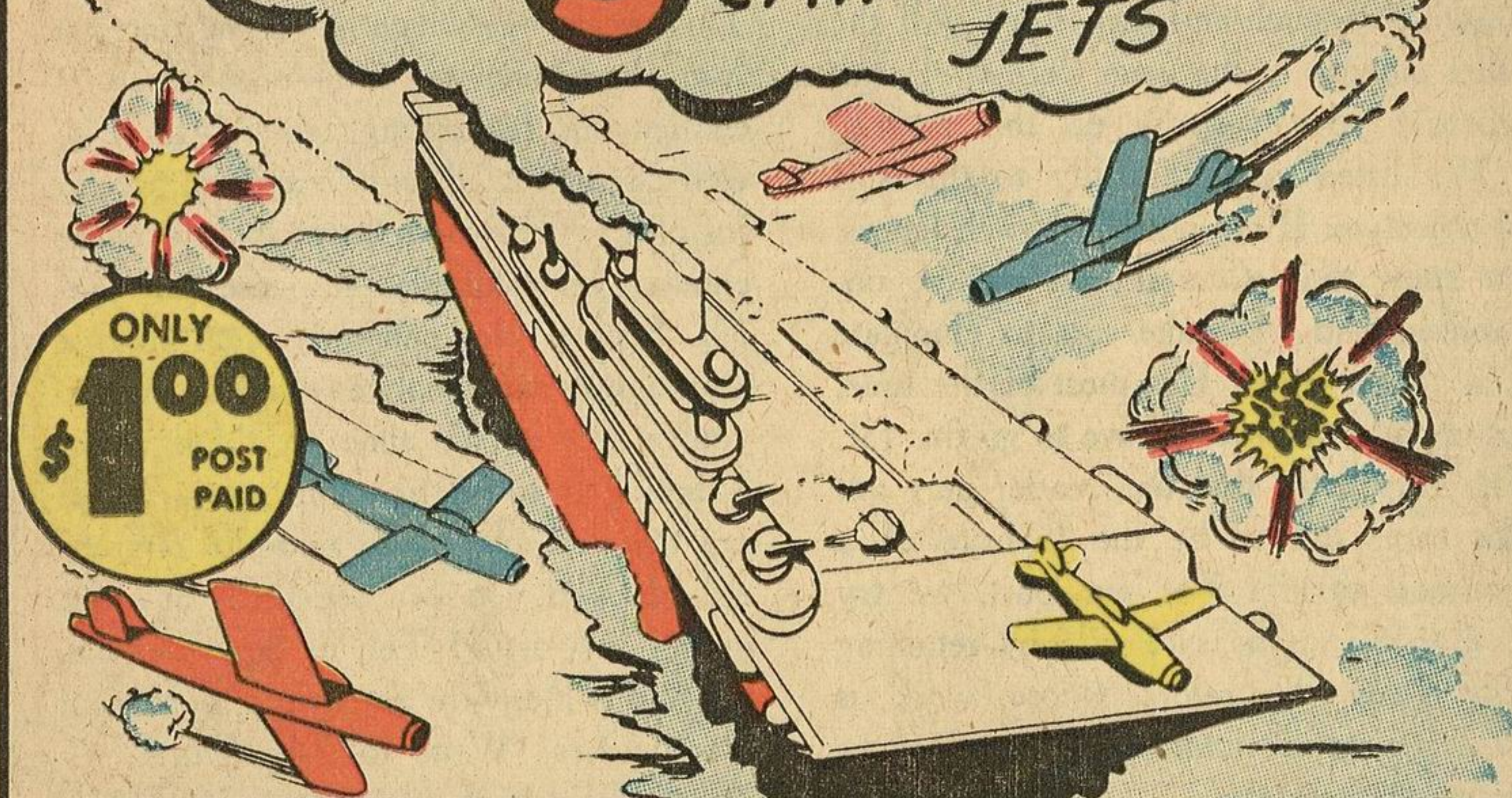
NEXT MORNING, FOOTPRINTS LED THE POLICE TO THE FACE BEHIND THE ICE...SANDERSON'S FACE...STARING MUTELY FROM BENEATH THE FROZEN SURFACE OF THE LAKE IN CENTRAL PARK!

THE END



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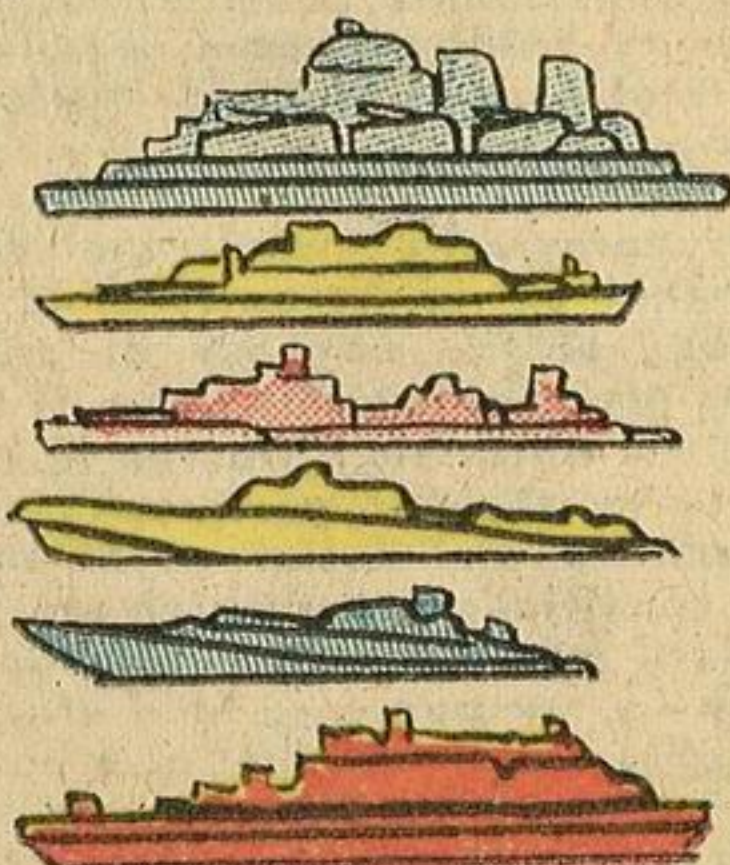
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**H**ELLO, readers! It's meeting-time for the fans of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*"—that established occasion for trading compliments and gripes!

We're happy to state that we do get compliments aplenty—but occasionally, there are complaints, too. Some are justified and some aren't. A typical gripe might be as follows: "I didn't like your drawing on such-and-such story. All the other pictures in the issue were swell, but where'd you ever dig up this artist?"

We listen very carefully to this sort of objection. If we get many such letters, we know that a certain art style is unpopular, and we make sure to eliminate it in future issues. But most of the time, fortunately, it doesn't have to go this far. The very artist that one reader may not like turns out to be the favorite of a thousand others! For our part, we try to play along the safe side by retaining only those illustrators whose work is attractive and interesting—and does justice to the story.

That brings us to a very important point that we'd like to bring home to you. There's no over-emphasizing the necessity for top art in a comics magazine, and that's exactly what we strive to bring you at all times. But the best drawing in the world can't disguise a poor story. The starting-point should be—and with us, it is—a *top-flight* story. That means one which holds your interest from beginning to end—one which is challenging, fascinating, tense. It must be well characterized and contain an actionful plot which works towards an exciting climax, yet maintains suspense throughout. Such a plot can only stem from a thoroughly imaginative writer. When you've got it, it's time to think about assigning it to an ace illustrator. These are the precepts which underlie our operation, and you can see them at work in this very issue! Tell us how you like it—and if there are any gripes, don't pull the punches! Write to *The Editor*, 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

**STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE, SECTION 233)**

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Best Syndicated Features, Inc. 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis 7, Mo.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183 St., New York, N.Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 28 Sycamore Drive, Sands Point, N.Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Best Syndicated Features Inc. 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; Frederick H. Iger, 28 Sycamore Drive, Sands Point, N.Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bond, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

FREDERICK H. IGER, President  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1954.  
Meyer Stein Notary Public, State of New York.  
(My commission expires March 30, 1956)



UNTIL THAT DAY YOU WERE A NOBODY, JUST A SHADE DIFFERENT FROM MOST NOBODIES BECAUSE YOU WERE TIRED OF BEING ONE! IF YOU'D HAD THE BRAINS, YOU MIGHT HAVE INVENTED SOMETHING LIKE THE AIRPLANE, OR FIGURED A WAY TO DRAW SOUND FROM THE AIR INTO A VACUUM TUBE! BUT ALL YOU HAD WAS A MIXTURE OF IMAGINATION AND AN ITCH FOR FAME---AND THEY BROUGHT YOU---

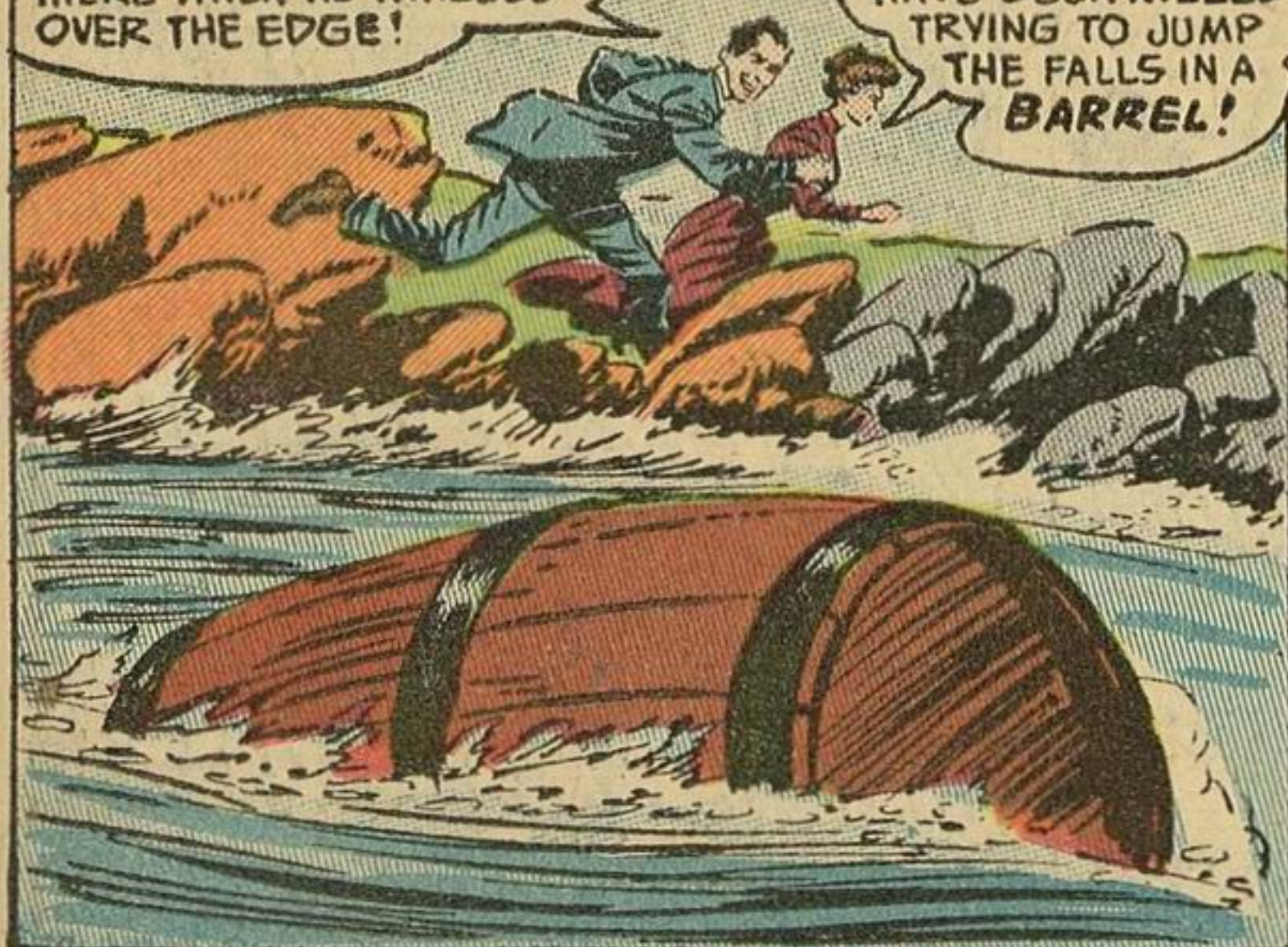
# The BIG ROAR!



YOU LITERALLY LEAPED TO FAME WITH WHAT THE WHOLE WORLD AGREED WAS THE MOST SPECTACULAR DEATH IN HISTORY---AND ANYONE WHO WAS THERE THAT DAY AT NIAGARA FALLS WILL NEVER FORGET IT---

HE'S GOING LIKE SIXTY! HURRY UP, MARTHA---I WANT TO BE THERE WHEN HE WHIZZES OVER THE EDGE!

BUT IT'S A DREADFUL THING TO WATCH! PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KILLED TRYING TO JUMP THE FALLS IN A BARREL!



THERE YOU WERE, WITH THOUSANDS LOOKING ON---CURLED IN A RED BARREL TOSSING TOWARD THE QUAKING BRINK OF THE FALLS

IT'LL ALL BE OVER IN A FEW MINUTES! THEN EVERYBODY WILL KNOW WHO I AM---I'LL BE FAMOUS!







GOOD HEAVENS  
...HE'S DONE FOR!

THEN HALF A DOZEN WOMEN FAINT JUST FROM LOOKING AT YOU...WHEN YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE VISIBLE! NO, YOU DIDN'T EXPECT THAT BARREL TO SHATTER AGAINST A ROCK AND FLING YOU UP OVER THE PLUNGING WHITE FURY OF THE FALLS...



THEN YOU'RE PART OF THAT THUNDERING FROTH, A SPRAWLING BLACK SPECK PLUNGING INTO YOUR DAMP EXILE, LOST IN THAT CHURNING AVALANCHE OF SLIDING VAPOR...

FOR PETE'S SAKE,  
DON'T LOOK!



THIS IS THE SECOND THAT COULD MEAN THE END OF A NOBODY...THE END OF LIFE, HOPES...

BUT ONLY YOU KNOW IT ISN'T THE END! YOU'RE CLUTCHING THAT SLIPPERY, CASCADE-POUNDED ROCK THAT JUTS UNSEEN A HUNDRED FEET DOWN, KNOWING YOU'RE ALIVE... BUT THAT NO ONE'S EVER GOING TO KNOW IT...



YOU HANG THERE, STRANGLED BY THE ENDLESS RUSH OF THE FALLS...FEELING YOUR FINGERNAILS SLIP AS YOU BLINDLY GROPE FOR A HOLD ON THAT ROCK...

I'VE GOT TO HOLD ON! GOT TO... GOT TO...



WHO'D EXPECT YOU TO BE THERE? THE SILENT CROWD IS WATCHING THOSE RED BARREL STAVES LEAP IN THE TORRENT A MILE AWAY, AND WOMEN WEEP AND BRAVE MEN SHUDDER AS THEY PRAY FOR YOUR SOUL! THEY PRAY FOR A MOMENT AND THEN THEY WALK SLOWLY AWAY FROM THAT HURTLING DIN...

MIGHTY SICKENING WAY TO DIE, JOE!

TOOK PLENTY OF COURAGE!  
YEP, PLENTY OF GUTS!



THEY PRAYED, AND THEY DIDN'T KNOW THEY SHOULD HAVE CONTINUED PRAYING... BECAUSE AS ONE HAND SLIPS ON THAT ROCK YOU'RE MIDWAY BETWEEN DROWNING IN MID-AIR AND TAKING THAT SWOOPING CRASH DOWN THE REST OF THE WAY...



YOU FEEL A LEAPING TON OF WATER RIP YOU FROM THAT ROCK LIKE A SOGGY LEECH AND THE BOILING SPUME BURIES YOU IN ITS LEAP...



THEN THE GREEN-FLECKED SUDS FALL AWAY AND DOWN LIKE A BURSTING VEIL...AND YOU'RE ON THAT LEDGE...



YOU'RE ON THAT LEDGE BEHIND THE FALLS, STUPIDLY WATCHING THE TINY CASCADES STREAM FROM YOUR DEAFENED EARS AND GAPING MOUTH...



ALIVE...ALIVE!  
THANK HEAVEN...I'M  
ALIVE!

YOU'RE ALIVE... BUT WHERE DO YOU GO FROM HERE? THROUGH THAT FOREVER-FALLING CURTAIN THERE SOMETIMES WINKS A NARROW, SHIFTING GAP...A SLIT THAT GIVES YOU A SWIFT GLIMPSE BEYOND BEFORE IT CHURNS SHUT...A GLIMPSE IN WHICH YOU CAN SEE PEOPLE, POINTING TO THE RAGING BASIN WHERE THEY THINK YOU DIED...

HE LANDED RIGHT ABOUT THERE...AND YOU CAN BET IT WASN'T IN ONE PIECE!

SURE WISH I HAD ONE OF THOSE BARREL STAVES FOR A SOUVENIR!



FOR AN HOUR YOU SCREAM THROUGH THAT SHUTTLING GAP, YOU PERCH ON THAT LEDGE AND WAIL AGAINST THE ROCK-THROATED BOOM OF THE FALLS...

HELP! YOU FOOLS, CAN'T YOU SEE ME? I'M ALIVE... GET ME OUT OF HERE!



BUT NOBODY HEARS...NOBODY! ONCE PEOPLE HAVE PRAYED FOR A NOBODY, THEY'LL NEVER COME LOOKING FOR HIM, NEVER DREAM THAT HE'S SOBBING IN HIS EXILE IN THE BIG ROAR...

I DIDN'T ESCAPE DEATH! NO...I JUST POSTPONED IT!



NOW, ON THE EDGE OF THIS VASTNESS YOUR WORLD DIMINISHES INTO A CRAZY-QUILT OF DAY-DREAMS AND FAR-SPACED EVENTS...EVENTS THAT KEEP YOU ALIVE! YOU SPRING AT THAT HOPPING FROG...

THEY'RE... ALL THE FOOD I HAVE!





YOUR SHACKLED ENERGY IS GOING TO DRIVE YOU CRAZY HERE IN THE WET CONFINES OF YOUR TINY CAVE! FOR WEEKS YOU DRIVE YOURSELF TO EXHAUSTION CHIPPING AWAY AT THAT ROCK---JUST TO DO SOMETHING!

AN INCH A WEEK!  
I---I'M MAKING THE CAVE  
**BIGGER**, ANYWAY!



Then the mist, the roar, the despair of your solitude merge slowly into **NOTHING**, and you leave off even trying to hope---

IT'S---AS IF I'VE  
**ALWAYS** BEEN  
HERE!



Day follows day, and gradually, time loses its meaning! All you know is the endless roar---and the dull realization that tomorrow will be like yesterday---that all your tomorrows will be like yesterday---

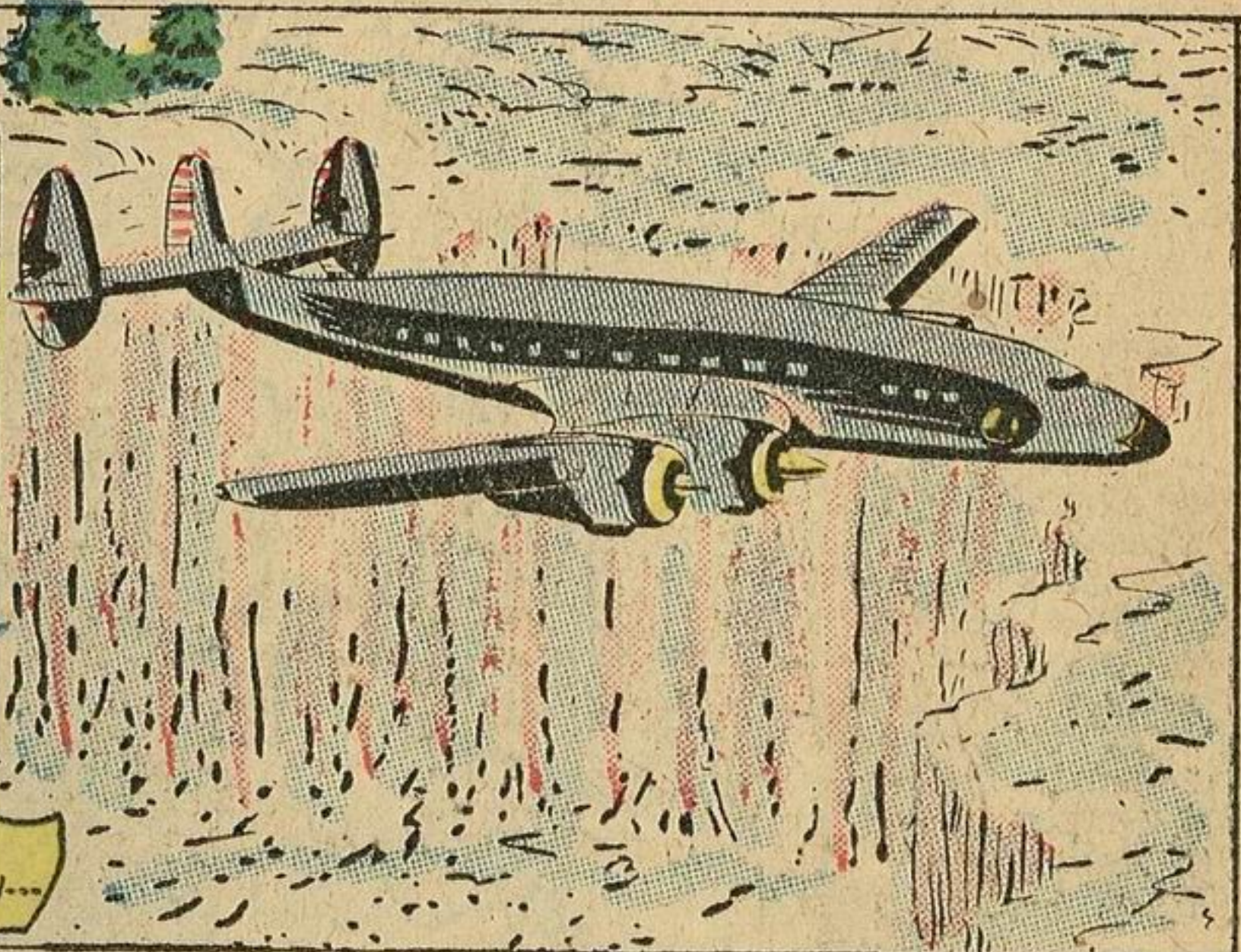
IF ONLY---I COULDN'T  
HEAR THAT AWFUL  
NOISE---



THERE, A HUNDRED FEET DOWN, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW FROST, AND NO WIND WILL EVER STIR THE FAMILIARITY OF YOUR CAVE EVEN WHEN IT'S SEALED BY THE ICY, MASSIVE NAKEDNESS OF WINTER---



**YOU**  
SLUMP BACK  
AGAINST THE  
DANK, COLD  
WALL, NEITHER  
ASLEEP NOR  
AWAKE IN THE  
STRANGE COMA  
THAT HAS BE-  
COME A SORT  
OF NUMBED CON-  
TENTMENT! IT'S  
WINTER, AND THE  
BIG ROAR IS  
FROZEN MUTE  
---BUT FROM  
FAR OFF, YOU  
HEAR ANOTHER  
ROAR THAT  
MEANS NOTHING  
WHATEVER TO YOU---



**YOU'RE** A LONG TIME DYING AND YOU'RE A LONG WHILE FROM THAT LOST HOUR WHEN YOU SCREAMED THROUGH THAT GAP IN THE FALLS, AND THERE'S NO NEED TO GO THROUGH IT AGAIN! BECAUSE WHEN ENOUGH WATER SPLASHES ONTO YOU TO AROUSE YOUR MEMORY, YOU CAN STILL **SEE** THOSE PEOPLE WHO PRAYED, AND YOU KNOW IT'S NO USE---



**YOU** CAN STILL SEE THOSE ROUND DERBIES AND WASP-WAISTED FROCKS, EVEN THOUGH IT WAS **FORTY YEARS AGO!** PEOPLE WHO HAVE EITHER DIED OR FORGOTTEN YOU, WHICH MAKES YOU A NOBODY AGAIN---HERE IN THE **BIG ROAR!**

IT'S BEEN A  
MIGHTY LONG TIME  
SINCE THAT DAY ON  
OUR HONEYMOON  
AT NIAGARA  
FALLS,  
JOHN!

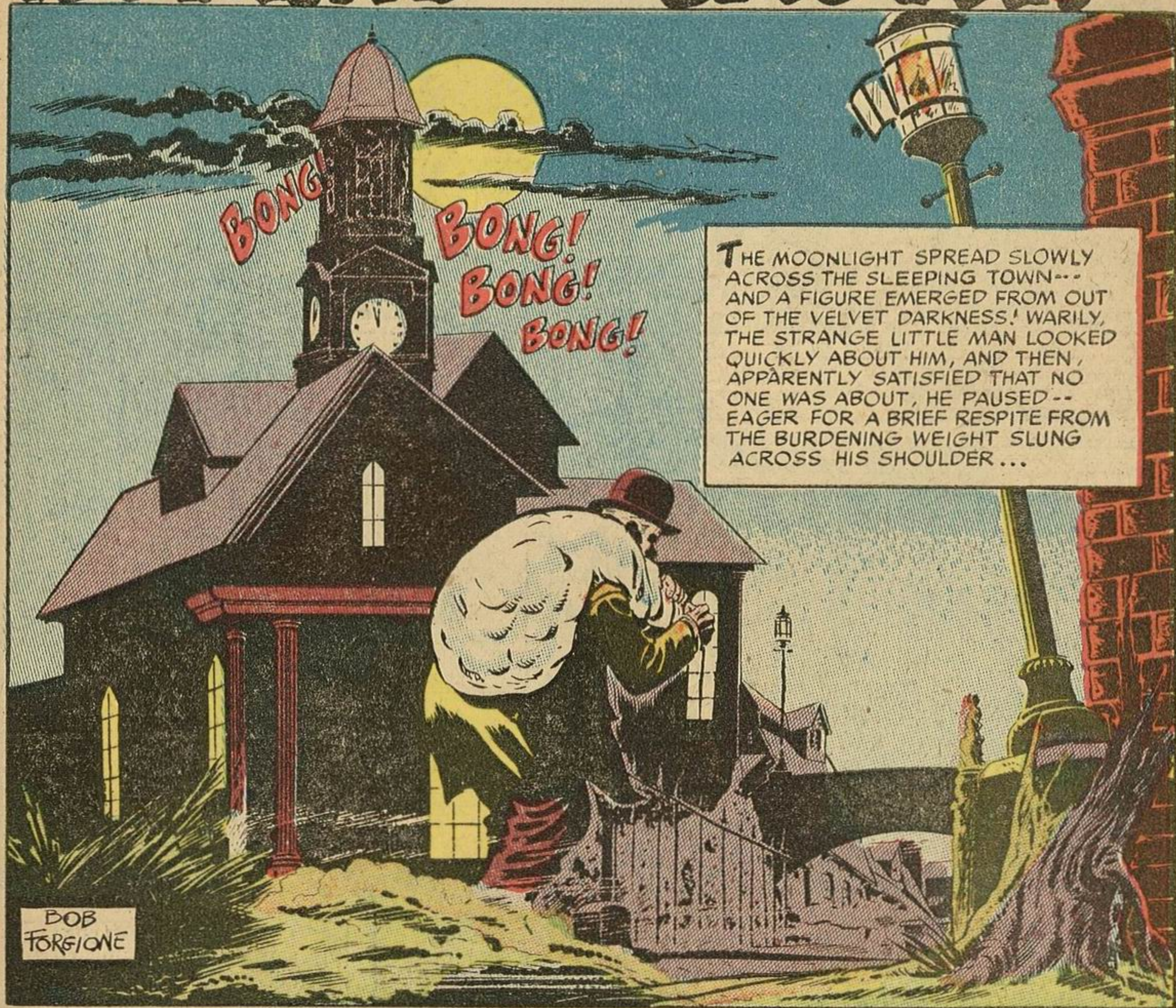
YOU KNOW, MARTHA  
---SOMETIMES  
I'VE GOT THE  
FEELING SOME-  
THING **TERRIBLE**  
HAPPENED THAT  
DAY---BUT I'M  
DANGED IF I  
CAN REMEM-  
BER  
**WHAT!**



THE END!



# NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH!



BOB  
FORGIONE

THE MOONLIGHT SPREAD SLOWLY ACROSS THE SLEEPING TOWN-- AND A FIGURE EMERGED FROM OUT OF THE VELVET DARKNESS! WARILY, THE STRANGE LITTLE MAN LOOKED QUICKLY ABOUT HIM, AND THEN, APPARENTLY SATISFIED THAT NO ONE WAS ABOUT, HE PAUSED-- EAGER FOR A BRIEF RESPIRE FROM THE BURDENING WEIGHT SLUNG ACROSS HIS SHOULDER...

SLOWLY, CAREFULLY, HE MOPPED HIS PERSPIRING BROW...



I'LL HAVE TO **SPEAK** TO MALCOLM ABOUT THIS! THESE LAST FEW WEEKS HAVE BEEN **QUITE TRYING!**

THEN, WITH A RESIGNED SHRUG OF HIS SHOULDERS, HE REPLACED HIS HANDKERCHIEF, AND SEIZING HIS BURDEN, MADE HIS WAY SILENTLY ALONG A SELDOM-USED ROAD...



TRUE, WE MAY NEED THIS RADIOACTIVE ORE IN OUR EXPERIMENTS, BUT THE NEED TO BUY AND TRANSPORT IT SECRETLY LIKE THIS...IT GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN!



SO THE LITTLE MAN WITH THE HEAVY BURDEN TRUDGED ON, TO A LARGE, WEALTHY MANSION AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN!

BUT WE'VE GOT TO WORK IN SECRET, OTHERWISE OUR GREAT PROJECT MIGHT BECOME KNOWN...AND PUBLICITY AT THIS STAGE WOULD DELAY US!



COME IN, VALMOND! EVERYTHING IS IN READINESS! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR ARRIVAL--- I CAN'T RUN ANOTHER TEST WITHOUT THE RADIOACTIVE ENERGIZING SUBSTANCE YOU'VE BROUGHT!

SILENTLY, THE LITTLE MAN FOLLOWED HIS SHUFFLING HOST, DOWN A SPIRAL STAIRWELL AND THEN INTO A SMALL LAB. WITH A SIGH OF RELIEF, HE LOWERED HIS BURDEN---

NOT BAD, VALMOND! IT SHOULD ANSWER OUR PURPOSES EXCELLENTLY!

YES, BUT THIS WORKING IN THE DARK BECAUSE WE FEAR PUBLICITY AT THIS EARLY STAGE---YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT IT ALL, MALCOLM!



HOW WELL I DO, OLD FRIEND, AND YOU KNOW THAT I SHARE THOSE SAME FEELINGS! IT GRIEVES ME THAT WE MUST RESORT TO THIS-- BUT IT IS FOR THE GOOD OF HUMANITY!

YES--BUT ONLY IF WE ARE SUCESSFUL!



YES, I KNOW! HOW MANY SCIENTISTS HAVE FAILED BEFORE US! BUT TRY WE MUST! THERE IS NO OTHER CHOICE!

I SUPPOSE SO-- EVEN IF I HATE THE FURTIVENESS-- THE SECRECY--



DOWN DEEP INSIDE, YOU FEEL THE SAME AS ME! YOUR SOUL STIRS AT THE CHALLENGE WE HAVE UNDERTAKEN, AND YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I THAT THERE CAN BE NO GOING BACK!



WE'VE GOT TO KEEP ON! OUR GREAT PROJECT GOES FORTH--THE EMPLOYMENT OF RADIOACTIVITY ALONG THE NEW LINES WE HAVE DEVISED-- WITH THE PURPOSE OF CONQUERING DEATH!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)





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YES, THE GREATEST SECRET OF ALL WAS WHAT THEY SOUGHT--THE ELIXIR OF LIFE! THE PRECIOUS SOMETHING THAT WOULD RESTORE LIFE--FOR WHICH MEN HAD SOUGHT IN VAIN DOWN THROUGH THE ENDLESS CENTURIES...

ARE YOU **READY**, VALMOND?

IN A MOMENT, MALCOLM! THE PRECIPITATION FACTOR IN THESE ENZYMES IS ALMOST FIXED!



SOLEMNLY THEY TOOK THEIR PLACES! THEIR **THREE HUNDREDTH EXPERIMENT** WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN...

IF THE BALANCE IS RIGHT, OUR SPECIAL FORMULA, WITH THE BOOSTER ELEMENT AFFORDED BY RADIOACTIVE PRESSURE, SHOULD RESTORE THE FROG'S HEART-BEAT!

612 MEGATONS  
...ALL SET!



ANXIOUSLY, THE SCIENTIST GAZED WITHIN HIS STRANGE CABINET! SWIFTLY, HE ADJUSTED THE CONTROLS...

...THERE!



AND AS THE MINUTES TICKED OFF...

NOTHING! WE HAVE FAILED **AGAIN!**



BUT WE WILL **GO ON!** WE CAN'T STOP **NOW!** WE ARE SCIENTISTS, AND WE HAVE LEARNED TO LIVE WITH FAILURES!

PERHAPS IT IS ALL WRONG! PERHAPS WE ARE DEALING WITH MATTERS WE HAVE NO **RIGHT** TO TAMPER WITH!

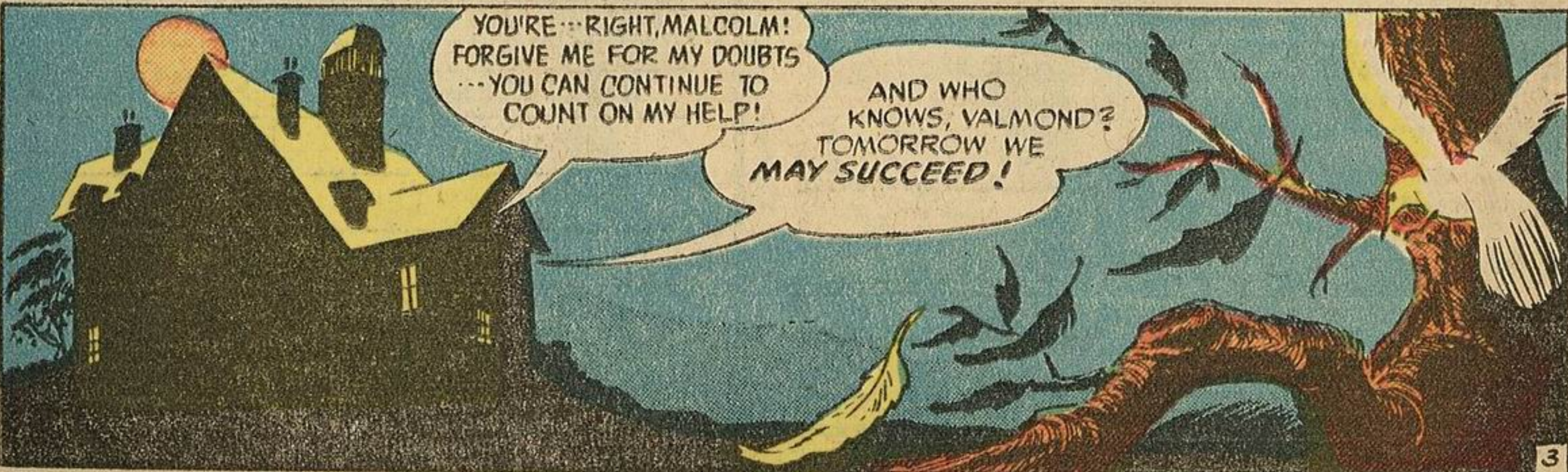


WHAT IF **GALILEO** FELT THAT WAY? OR **PASTEUR**? OR **KOCH**? WHERE WOULD THE COURSE OF CIVILIZATION HAVE BEEN LED? ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS IF YOU CAN, AND THEN TELL ME WHETHER YOU THINK WE DO RIGHT OR WRONG!



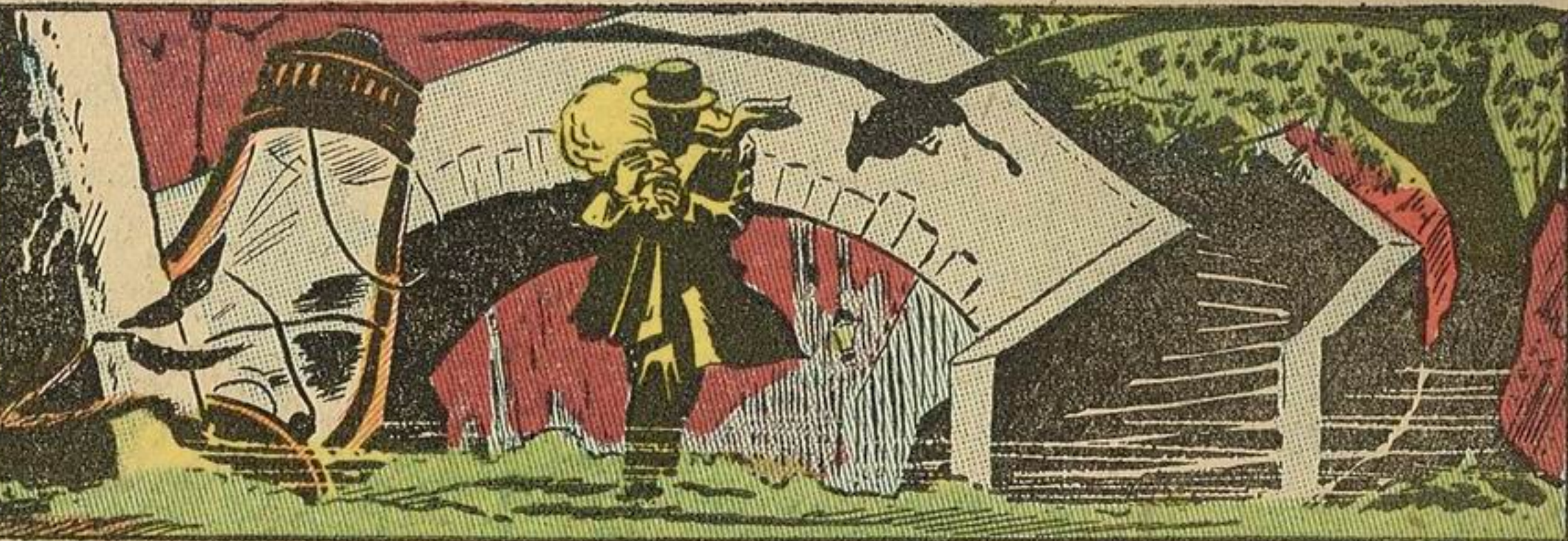
YOU'RE...RIGHT, MALCOLM! FORGIVE ME FOR MY DOUBTS ...YOU CAN CONTINUE TO COUNT ON MY HELP!

AND WHO KNOWS, VALMOND? TOMORROW WE **MAY SUCCEED!**





BUT MANY NIGHTS PASSED... WITH VALMOND STAGGERING BENEATH LOADS OF RADIO-ACTIVE ORE... WITH MALCOLM CONDUCTING NUMBERLESS TESTS! AND STILL THE FUTURE WAS WITHOUT PROMISE OR A SINGLE SIGN OF HOPE...



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE TESTS WERE MADE, AND WITH EACH EXPERIMENT THEIR DISCOURAGEMENT BECAME MORE AND MORE APPARENT...

READY, VALMOND?

YES-- I AM READY-- AGAIN!



THERE...THE FORMULA'S INJECTED! THE ANIMAL DIED OF NATURAL CAUSES JUST TODAY...

AND IT WILL **STAY** DEAD. I'M AFRAID! BETTER PROCEED WITH THE RADIO-ACTIVE PHASE, ANYWAY!



THERE WAS A LOW, RE-STRAINED HUMMING AS A POWERFUL WAVE OF RADIOACTIVITY POURED DOWNWARD! JUST ANOTHER EXPERIMENT, THEY THOUGHT! BUT SLOWLY, UNBELIEVABLY, BEFORE THEIR STARTLED EYES...

LOOK!

IT--IT CAN'T BE!



IT'S ALIVE! IT'S EATING!

WE'VE DONE IT! WHAT NO MAN HAS DONE BEFORE!



MALCOLM, OLD FRIEND! YOU ARE **CRYING!**

YES...IN WHAT SHOULD BE OUR MOMENT OF **TRIUMPH!** THINK OF THE BOON WE COULD BRING TO MANKIND IF WE COULD PROVE THAT OUR GREAT DISCOVERY COULD RE-STORE LIFE TO A **HUMAN!**

BUT ONE CANNOT EXPERIMENT WITH **MAN** IN SUCH AN UNDERTAKING! AND THAT MEANS THAT EVEN IN SUCCESS, WE HAVE FOUND FAILURE!

HMMM...BUT THERE IS NO DENYING THE GREAT PROGRESS WE HAVE MADE! COME, MALCOLM...LET US DRINK TO IT... AND ITS FUTURE!





NOTHING WAS LACKING, NOT EVEN TO THE HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD BRANDY AND VALMOND'S GLOWING TOAST...

TO OUR **FRIENDSHIP**, MALCOLM! LAST WEEK THERE WERE ONLY SHORT YEARS TO LOOK FORWARD TO, BUT ALL THAT IS **CHANGED!** NO LONGER NEED WE THINK IN TERMS OF YEARS, BUT ONLY IN THE VAST SCOPE OF **ETERNITY ITSELF!** YOU'RE GOING TO BE ABLE TO SHOW THE WORLD THAT OUR COMPOUND WORKS ON HUMANS... THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT...



... YOU'RE GOING TO SHOW  
... THAT IT WORKS  
**ON ME!**



I... DRUGGED MY GLASS! IT'S LITTLE TO DO  
... FOR OUR FRIENDSHIP AND HUMANITY...  
BECAUSE I KNOW... **YOU'RE GOING TO BRING ME BACK!**



OH, VALMOND,  
VALMOND--MAN-  
KIND WILL BLESS  
YOU FOREVER!

REMEMBER...  
I'M TRUSTING  
... MY LIFE TO  
YOU...

YES, TRUSTING IT TO  
PROVE OUR GREAT  
WORK... TO BRING  
MANKIND ITS BENEFITS!  
YOU'LL BE **THE FIRST  
MAN TO BE BROUGHT  
BACK TO LIFE, VALMOND**  
... AND THE WORLD WILL  
NEVER FORGET WHAT  
YOU'VE DONE!



THE DYING MAN CLOSED HIS EYES,  
LEANED WEAKLY AGAINST THE  
FRENCH DOORS! AS THEY OPENED  
BENEATH HIS WEIGHT...



**LOOK  
OUT!!**



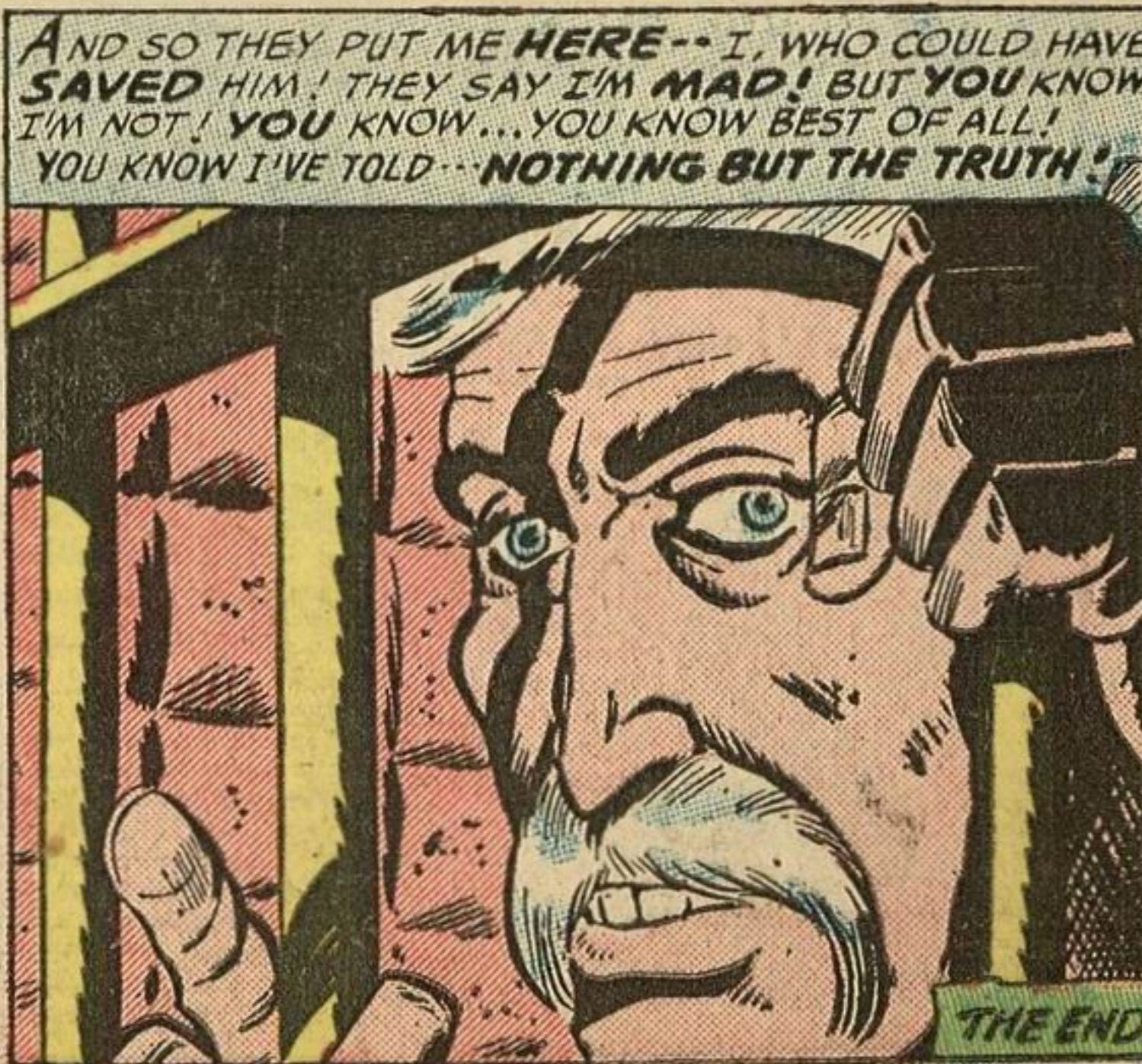
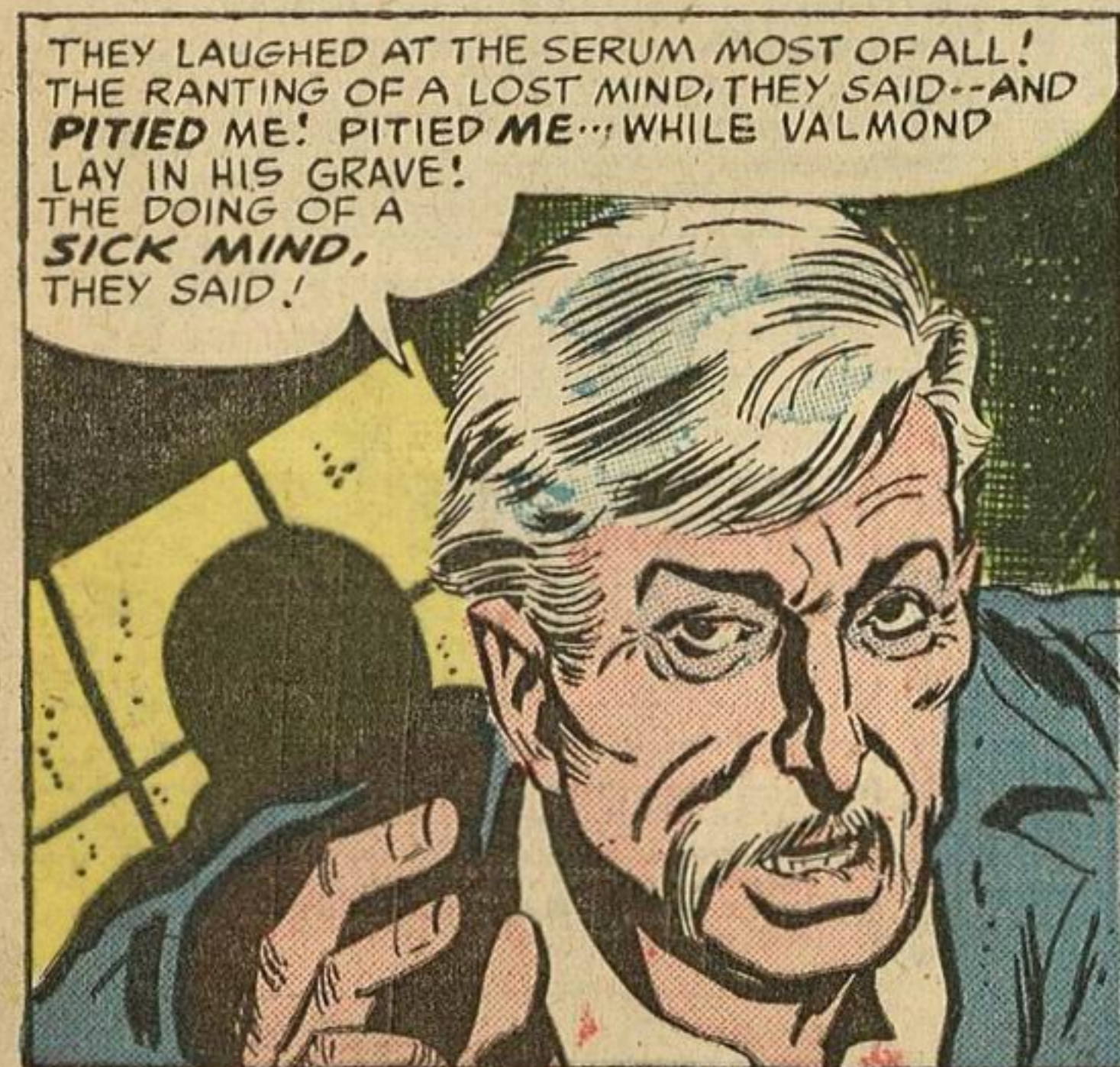
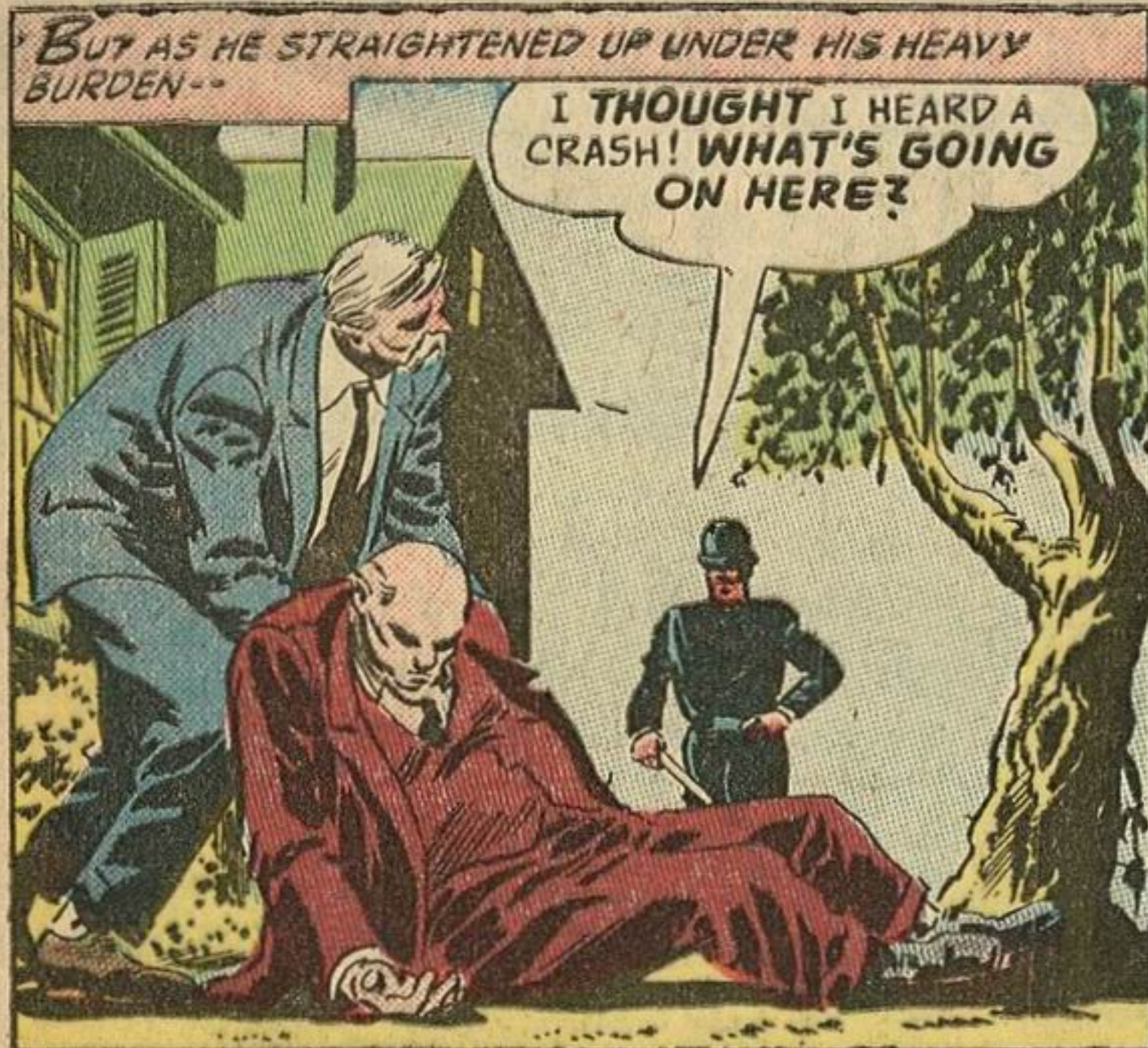
I'M COMING,  
VALMOND...  
I'M HERE!

COMPASSIONATELY, HE CRADLED THE DEAD MAN  
IN HIS ARMS! THE TEARS COURSED DOWN HIS  
CHEEK, AND HIS VOICE WAS FILLED WITH A NOTE  
OF TREMBLING TENDERNESS...



ONLY A MATTER OF  
MINUTES, DEAR FRIEND!  
I HAVE EVERYTHING IN  
READINESS! THE FORMU-  
LA, THE NEEDLE! ONLY  
A FEW MINUTES AND  
WE SHALL BE LAUGH-  
ING TOGETHER AS  
OF OLD! YOU WILL  
SEE, OLD FRIEND!  
I WILL NOT FOR-  
SAKE YOU!





THE END



## THROW YOUR VOICE



### Ventro & Book

Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, and everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher, your friends and your family and have fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist".

No. 137

25¢

# MYSTERY! MAGIC! SCIENCE! FUN!

To Amuse and Amaze Your Friends



### AMAZING NEW SPACE PHONE SET

2-way ... Sends ... Receives

Wow! What fun! 2 real space phones to talk and hear thru, just like the top-secret equipment all the space commandos use on TV and in the movies. You and your pals will have real fun with this set. You can talk back and forth between houses, from room to room, and from secret hiding places, because it's portable—no electric wires—no batteries. Be the envy of all your friends.

No. 134

1.00



## RADIO MIKE



Talk, Sing, Play thru your radio

Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from another room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Fool everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio. Easily attached to most standard radios. Made of handsome enameled metal 4 inches high.

No. 112

1.75



### AMAZING WRIST RADIO

Wow! A wrist radio like Dick Tracy's that really works. Imagine receiving regular broadcasts up to about 50 miles, and actually transmitting your voice over short distances when connected to another set. You wear it like a watch, but listen in like a radio. No batteries, no electricity, no tubes. Built in earphone and aerial.

No. 133

2.98



Forces You to  
SAVE \$100

It's easy to save with this Automatic Date and Amount, Banclok — and have fun at the same time. You just drop a quarter a day into Banclok and the date automatically advances. At the same time it tells you exactly how much you have saved. If you've always meant to start saving but never seemed to get around to doing it.

No. 121

1.98

plus 25¢ postage

Look-Back  
Scope



Now's your chance to have eyes in back of your head. See behind or alongside and no one knows you are watching. Have fun everywhere you go.

No. 146

25¢

### JOY BUZZER



The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation". Absolutely harmless.

No. 239

Only 50¢

### Alive! Turtle

Here's your chance to get a real live turtle to play with. Imagine feeding him, taking care of him, getting him to know you and watching him roam around.



These funny fellows are loads of fun

No. 134

69¢

### THE RISING - JUMPING AND FLOATING CIGARETTE

A clever, fool-proof device that the inside any pack of cigarettes and will cause a cigarette to rise slowly, sink back again, then jump several feet into the air! No springs or threads used. Try this on the "smoother" who is always asking for a cigarette... but first make sure he hasn't a weak heart! With this trick, we include instructions for "floating" a cigarette in mid-air. Remember, any brand of cigarette may be used and no skill is required.

ITEM # 9182



### FINGER CHOPPER

First chop a cigarette in two in either hole. Then put finger in top hole and cigarette in lower. The cigarette is cut, but your finger is unharmed. Thrilling. Full instructions included.

No. 222... Only 1.00

### DRIBBLING WATER GLASS



Start a party off right. Offer a drink and watch the water dribble out slowly. No harm done. Just a lot of good, clean fun. Watch his surprised expression.

No. 253

50¢

Sorry, cannot ship orders totalling less than \$1.00.

### 10 DAY TRIAL FREE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP., Lynbrook, N. Y. Dept. A495. Rush me the items listed below. If I am not satisfied I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial for full refund of the purchase price.

ITEM #	NAME OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

☐ I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ in full payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage.  
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME

ADDRESS



HOW in 10 Minutes of Fun a Day

# YOU Can Become AN AMAZING NEW 3-D HE-MAN

JIM NORMAN  
before  
**NOW**  
I gained  
1000% in  
HE-MAN LOOKS  
POPULARITY and  
STRENGTH

Like  
We  
Did

LOOK  
at ME and  
MY PALS!  
What a  
Pitiful lot of  
SKINNY  
WRECKS like YOU  
We were BEFORE  
We mailed coupon!

Yes, PAL—NOW

**YOU** MAIL THE  
COUPON  
BELOW

and Get a NEW  
HE-MAN BODY  
for Your OLD  
SKELETON FRAME!

YOU CAN WIN  
\$100<sup>00</sup>

AND A BIG 15"  
TALL SILVER CUP

LIKE WE  
DID!

NO! Friend  
you don't  
have to be SKINNY,  
WEAK or FLABBY any  
more—just mail the  
FREE coupon below as I  
did! But DO IT NOW—  
This may be YOUR LAST  
CHANCE!

Now,  
Buddy  
YOU

GET ALL THESE  
5 PICTURE-  
PACKED  
COURSES

**FREE** If you  
mail  
coupon NOW  
as I did!

1

Look at  
CLEVELAND'S  
HEROIC  
CHEST NOW!

May be  
LAST CHANCE  
before \$1  
price goes  
back!

Cle-  
land  
BEFORE

NOW

—HOW TO MOLD A  
MIGHTY CHEST

2

This is  
one-time  
SKINNY  
Ken  
GRIMM  
AFTER  
mailing  
the  
coupon  
below

HOW TO MOLD A  
MIGHTY ARM

I gained  
70 lbs. of  
MIGHTY MUSCLE

Won a BIG SILVER TROPHY  
and made the football team.  
I was a 90 lb. Skeleton before,  
says Cleveland.

I changed myself from  
this ANEMIC SHRIMP  
to this MUSCULAR HE-MAN

I added 6 inches  
to each ARM

10 inches to my CHEST  
says Ken Grimm.

I GAINED  
53 lbs.  
OF SHAPELY  
POWER-  
PACKED  
MUSCLES

I Was a  
Skinny,  
Scared,  
Girl-Shy  
Skeleton.  
Now My  
Body is  
the Best  
in the  
Neighbor-  
hood. Pal  
—Do as I  
Did—Mail  
The Coupon  
Below.

AFTER  
R. HIRSCH  
BEFORE

NOW—YOU MAIL  
COUPON and GET  
ALL 5 COURSES

**FREE**

Millions were  
sold at \$1.  
PLUS BIG  
PHOTO BOOK

of  
STRONG MEN  
which also tells  
how to  
WIN TROPHY  
and \$100!

HOW TO MOLD  
MIGHTY LEGS

HOW TO MOLD A  
MIGHTY BACK

HOW TO MOLD A  
MIGHTY GRIP

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER  
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. AMB-53

Tell Me How To  
WIN \$100, etc.

"Jowett Courses  
greatest in  
World for  
Building  
All-Around  
HE-MEN"  
—R. F. Kelley  
Physical  
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING  
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of  
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building  
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest, 2. How to Build a  
Mighty Arm, 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip, 4. How to Build  
a Mighty Back, 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One  
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c  
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

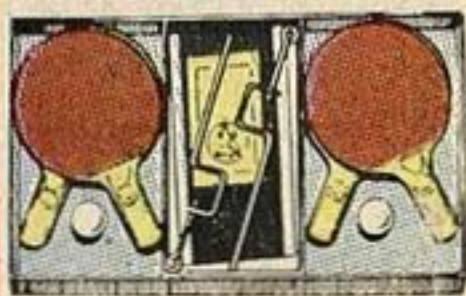
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR **FREE** OFFER AND PRIZES!





#### Big 4-Bat TABLE TENNIS SET

Official size set with 4 Bats, 2 Balls, net, posts and rules of play. All you need for the game of Doubles or Singles.



Nothing to build. Just attach wings, light fuse and away it goes. Flies 500 ft. high. Comes complete with engine and jet fuel.



#### CHEMCRAFT CHEMISTRY SET

You can perform eye-opening feats of "Chemical Magic" with this exciting new Chemcraft Chemistry Set. Magic book, instructions included free.



#### GRALETT WRIST WATCH

For Boys and Girls  
A guaranteed watch. Handsome Chromium case, unbreakable crystal, genuine leather strap. This attractive wrist watch is given without cost.



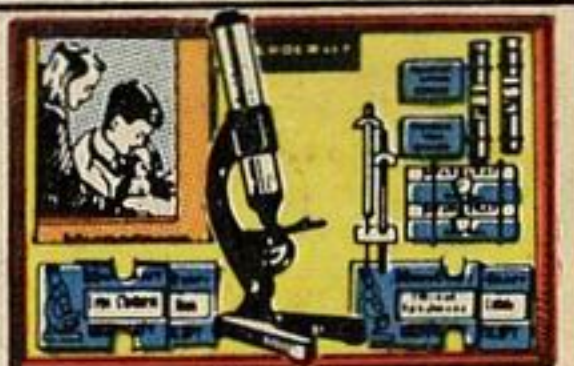
#### 20 PIECE FISHING OUTFIT

This great outfit includes 4 ft. glass rod, strong pistol grip handle, nylon line, click reel, hooks, all accessories.



#### Official-Size • Official-Weight BASKETBALL

Sturdy valve-type ball. For indoor or outdoor use.



#### Complete MICROSCOPE OUTFIT

A precision-built Microscope Outfit. Has 60 power optical lens, slide glass and specimens. Don't miss this great outfit.



#### AIR CHAMP RADIO KIT

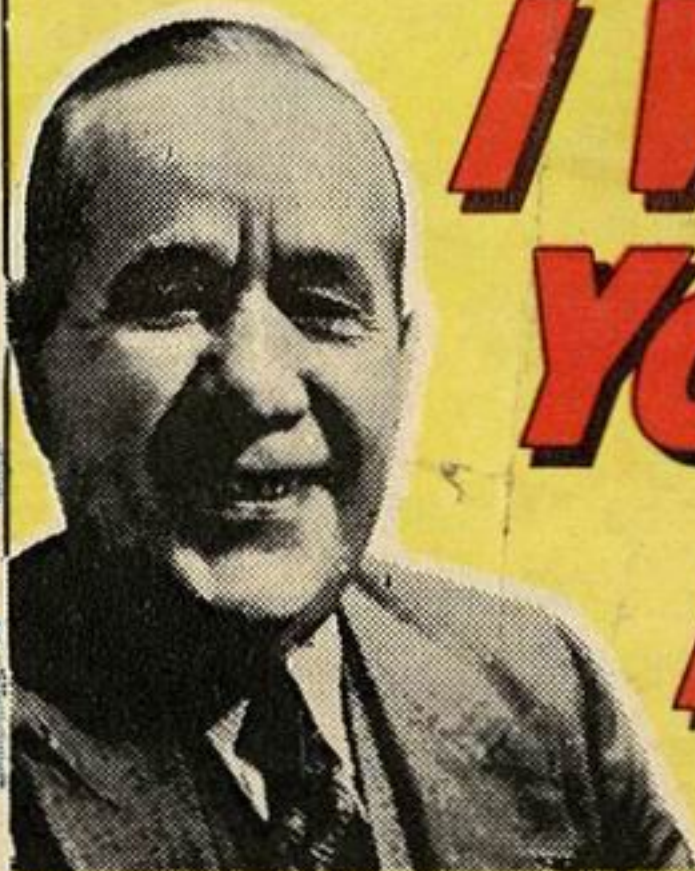
A genuine crystal radio. Build it. Use it. Listen to your favorite radio program.



#### RANGER AXE 'n' KNIFE KIT

An all-purpose Axe 'n' Knife Kit in double leather belt sheath. Axe and knife made of tough carbon steel. Great kit for outdoors.

## I'M "UNCLE" HARRY



# I Will Send You PRIZES Like These WITHOUT ONE CENT OF COST

I have been helping boys and girls get prizes and earn money for 37 years. Shown here are just a few of the wonderful prizes you can get without a cent of cost for selling my famous Vegetable and Flower Seed Packs. Any of these prizes or your choice of over 50 others shown in my Free Prize Book are given for selling just one 40 pack order of Seeds at 15c a pack. Many boys and girls sell their packs in one day and get their prizes at once.

### Hurry—Be First in Your Neighborhood

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once, or, if you want to make money, keep \$2.00 in cash for each 40 pack order you sell. GET BUSY, send coupon today for my Big Prize Book and Seeds.

### Send No Money—I Trust You

Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope to AMERICAN SEED COMPANY, DEPT. 520, LANCASTER, PA.

### Prize Winner Gary Fisher says:

"I hardly know how to thank you for the \$250 first prize and the Archery Set, Flash Camera and other prizes. Selling American Seeds was easy and it sure did pay off."

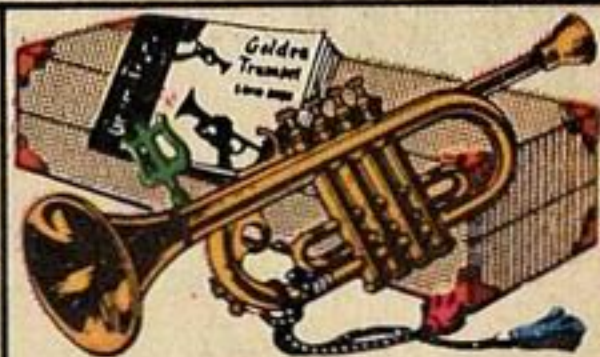


A great outfit that contains powerful 54-inch Bow, 4 feathered Arrows, Target face and complete instructions.

#### ACRO FLASH CAMERA with Film



This swell outfit includes Camera, Flash Gun and free Film. Has Graf Lens. Takes pictures black and white or color. Makes beautiful enlargements.



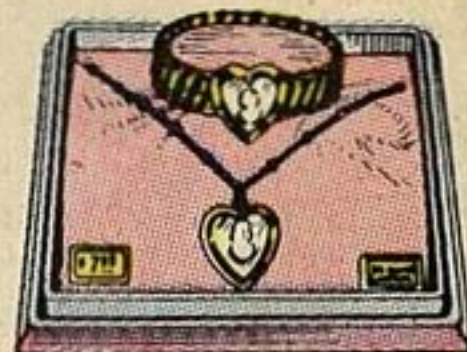
#### Here it is—THE GOLDEN TRUMPET

Heavy gold-plated, over 13" long. Play bugle calls, marches and songs without lessons. Case and instructions included.



#### PRETTY TRAVEL CASE

Overnight Case with removable tray. Has mirror, lock and key.



#### GOLD-PLATED LOCKET SET

Pretty necklace with matching expansion bracelet, both gold plated. Each locket opens and holds two photographs.

## EXTRA! \$1500.

### IN GRAND PRIZES

1st PRIZE \$250 2nd PRIZE \$150 3rd PRIZE \$100

You are eligible to win. Send coupon for facts.



PLUS 20 Schwinn BIKES

## MAIL THIS—Send No Money

"Uncle" Harry Bard, AMERICAN SEED CO.

DEPT. 520, LANCASTER, PENNA.

Please send me your BIG PRIZE BOOK and one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 15c a pack, send you the money and choose my prize.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_